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THE
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PUBLISHED BY STUDENTS OF
ALAMEDA HIGH SCHOOL



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THE ACORN
June 1912

To
Dr. George C. Thompson

This Edition of the Acorn is

Respectfully Dedicated.

APPRECIATION

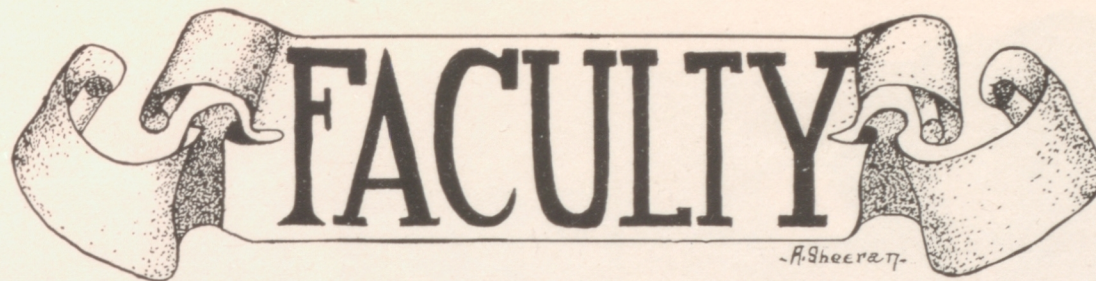
WHEN this book comes into the hands of the reader the work of the editorial staff is finished. What the work has been only those can appreciate who have watched the ACORN grow from a few sheets of manuscript to this printed product. Many of the difficulties have come about because of the editors' lack of experience. They found themselves struggling with whole squads of unlooked-for details waiting to be drilled into shape. Not a single line, not a single cut, not a single item in regard to size, shape, and kind of paper but had to be definitely provided for by some one. This ACORN did not grow; it was made. The

staff would be taking undeserved credit if they should now claim the entire honor of this production. Again and again they found themselves falling back on some more experienced arm for support in trying situations. Therefore, the staff is only too glad to acknowledge the encouragement and assistance it has received from the faculty, the advertisers, the contributors, the printers, the photographers, and the friends interested in the school. To all these they wish now to express their sincerest appreciation for making this issue a success.

THE EDITORS.

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Editorials

The ACORN is the record of the student life of Alameda High. When we want to recall what happened in such and such a term, we have no place to turn to but the ACORN. That is what it is for—to be a history of our years at High School. Sometimes students forget this fact; they forget that the ACORN is the school paper. Therefore, we want to emphasize the point that the ACORN represents *all* the students. Look over the main divisions of this issue and you will see that every phase of school life has its share of space. In the second place, the ACORN does not belong to any class. It is not, as some seem to suppose, the special organ of the High Senior. The graduating class merely reserves for itself a portion of our one big, school edition. High and mighty though they are, the Seniors have not gobbled up the ACORN. It is the ACORN that has gobbled up the Seniors, or at least their one-time "graduating" edition.

All this has been written to press home upon each individual student the fact that the ACORN belongs to you, all of you, Freshmen, Sophomores, Juniors, and Seniors. It is written about you, about the events you are taking part in or watching, about the school life you are sharing. You want to remember your first year as well as your fourth year. The ACORN has recorded it for you. You need the ACORN, the ACORN needs you. Therefore, all you students of the high school, get the ACORN, support its editors, help them to make it more truly representative of your High School. Let us all work together to put out a paper next term that shall be a record of the whole school with the whole school behind it.

The Class of June '12 were notable for one thing, or—to borrow our principal's phrase—this class did one thing that no

other class has ever done before. They graduated without the ACORN. The class gave up what is one of the graduates' most cherished possessions, because the school as a whole could not afford the expense of the ACORN. With admirable spirit, the Class of June '12 put the interests of all the students before those of their particular group. We recall this fact to your minds, that the unselfish action of June '12 may not pass unrecognized. We hope that every class will show the same consideration for the welfare of the school at large.

We have not forgotten those days of debate and deliberation last term which saw the adoption of our new constitution. The principal change was the increase in the size of the governing body, the new Ex. Committee consisting of two representatives from each class and six representatives from the school at large. The purpose of this change was to secure a more general interest in student activities. We hope this purpose will be realized. We hope every student will take the pains to become familiar with our new form of government. There ought to be a copy of the constitution posted in an accessible place, in the Assembly Hall, for instance, where it could be read by everyone. Under this new form of government we want to see the Associated Students started upon a period of increased vigor and activity.

The editors are glad to be able to publish for the benefit of the students the best stories and songs submitted in the recent contest held by the Star and Key Honor Society. That contest was profitable in more ways than one: it was materially profitable for the prize-winners, and it was a distinct help to the magazine, the editors of which are always hard-pressed for literary ma-

terial. The stimulus of a prize encouraged many students to make an effort to produce something, who would, perhaps, have turned a deaf ear to the mere verbal appeals of the editors for material. After two or three such contests, the students may develop a habit of handing in stories on request, without the lure of a special prize. Then will be happy days for the literary editor. Here's hoping.

During the past few years the school library has grown to such an extent that it has been found convenient to establish a sepa-

rate reference library in the study hall. Here are kept all reference works for all the courses. Students are free to take out the books they want, subject only to a necessary time-limit on the use of a book. So far this plan has worked with admirable success, which undoubtedly will encourage the Board of Education to increase the library more rapidly. A large school library would save much time that now is spent in going to the Public Library, where, moreover, it is not easy to study.

THE EDITORS



Matryóna Dutloff

Sem'yón Dutlof was considered by his neighbors a very fortunate moujik. He had his good land, a tiny hut, three horses, a cow and a calf, and many beehives. He always had grain enough to last beyond the next harvest and sold enough oats to pay the taxes. What more could any man desire? But better than this, Sem'yón Dutlof had three steady, hard-working sons, an able and thrifty wife and a pretty and industrious little daughter. They were his real wealth, and it was to them that the cottage owed its prosperous air.

All was quiet now in the tiny home. The hard-working Dutlofs, like all the rest of the world, were asleep. Suddenly in the east an orange streak appeared. Redder and redder it grew, wider and wider spread the dawn. Overhead between the hurrying clouds, gleamed the sickly blue of the sky. Whiter and whiter shone the snow, brighter and brighter glowed the vivid colors of the shutters. The sun was about to arise. Now in the various stables could be heard the whinnying of horses and stomping of hoofs on the straw, lowing of cattle, barking of dogs, gentle cooing of doves and the occasional crowing of cocks.

The people in the izbas, too, were beginning to stir. In the hut of the Dutlofs the cat jumped down from the stove where she had been lying curled up between Sem'yón and his wife, and went to the door. After vainly trying to get out, she began to wander about the room. The sleepers on the benches stirred uneasily but did not wake. Finally the cat, tired of wandering about, jumped upon the little girl, Matryóna, who was lying on the bench under the windows. Matryóna rubbed her eyes and throwing off the sluber which covered her, sat up and looked sleepily around the tiny room. Her brothers on the benches and her parents on the stove were still slumbering peacefully.

Suddenly a sunbeam crept through the shutters of the room, lighting up the frame of the ikon in the corner and making brilliant the vivid red paint of the table below. "Ah, batiuski!" exclaimed Matryóna. "How late it is! Mamuska, papaska, wake; Ignat, Ilysishka." As she called she jumped quickly from the bench, pulled on her thick, loose boots over her woolen stockings, straightened her coarse yellow and brown striped skirt and white waist, fastened her string of gaudy pink and green beads around her neck, put on her green apron, and was ready for work.

Meanwhile her brothers had also arisen, pulled on their boots, belted their shubas about them, put their shapkas on their heads and with her father had gone out to feed the horses and cows. Her mother was already kindling the fire in the great stone stove. Matryóna busied herself setting the table in the corner. At each plate she put a bowl, a glass tumbler, and a spoon. They were not very clean, nor was the table, either. No matter, tomorrow was a fete day and before then all would be well scrubbed. The table set, Matryóna went out to milk the cow.

Returning to the house with the pails of foaming milk, she found that the cabbage soup and buckwheat porridge were done and called her brothers and father to breakfast. By the time they came in, the samovar was hissing away on the table, and the steaming porridge and soup were in the bowls, with the black bread and lumps of sugar by the side of each. Before sitting down all turned to the ikon in the corner, and bowing, crossed themselves.

It was a fine looking family that gathered around that rude table. There was the dignified, stern, yet kindly old father, with his venerable gray beard, and here the mother, robust and strong, with keen gray eyes and delicate compressed lips that showed her

mental strength and energy. There under the ikon sat the merry, handsome, blond Ilyushka, a little inclined to be wild, and beside him his tall brother, Ignat, so slow and silent and strong. Near the mother sat the pretty blue-eyed Matryóna with her well oiled flaxen hair.

Only one was missing, Vasili, the oldest son, and it was on his account that the faces and hearts of the others were sad this morning. He had married about two years ago, and with his wife, Duniasha, had moved to the neighboring village of Pokrovskoe. They were living very happily there with their tiny son, Fejedka, when suddenly about a week ago the dreadful news had come that Vasili had been chosen as one of the recruits from the estate of Barin Neklindof. The Dutlofs were of the troiniki and so were liable for military duty; but they had never dreamed that the lot would fall upon any one of them, especially not upon Vasili, who could least be spared. Now, however, the blow had fallen and there was no way to avert it except by hiring a substitute. This was an impossibility for old Sem'yón, for the savings of his life had been used two years before in buying Vasili a house and setting him up in the village. Now he had only twenty rubles hidden away in the old stone pot in the cellar, and it took four hundred to buy a substitute. So yesterday Vasili had marched away with the other recruits, leaving desolate his poor wife and tiny baby. Old Sem'yón would have to provide for them now and it was the question of how best to do this that the old man was discussing with his family as they sat around the table, gravely drinking their tea and nibbling the hard sugar. But before the matter was fully decided, breakfast was over and the men started off to work.

They put on their warm shubas and shapkas and mittens, lit their pipes, and departed, Sem'yón to his work in the stables of the barin, Ignat to his in the carpenter shop of the estate, and Ilyushka to the barn where he harnessed the three horses, troika fashion, to the drosky. Soon with a merry jangle of bells he, too, left the dvor and was far away over the snow covered steppe.

"Matryóna," said her mother, when the sound of Ilyushka's bells could no longer be heard. "I wish that you would go to see

Duniasha this morning. Tell her to bring little Fejedka and come over tomorrow to stay with us for a few weeks. I think we had better try first the plan of all living together, and then if we do not agree, she can go back to her own izba. At least we will be company for her. Poor thing, how lonely she must be. Will you go, Matryóna?"

"Willingly, mamuska," said the little girl, running to the wall and taking down her shuba from the hook where it was hanging. "I will go quickly and return before noon."

So after being well rapped up, Matryóna opened the door and went out. Immediately she felt the difference in the air. Inside the hut, it was extremely close, hot, and stuffy with a strong smell of cabbage, but in the frosty, bracing atmosphere outside there was a pleasant exhilaration and freshness. Matryóna's cheeks reddened with the cold and her breath condensed into a tiny cloud. By this time the sun was quite high in the heavens and shone brightly down, making the snow dazzling white and lighting up still more gaily the vivid colors of the shutters. Overhead the sky had deepened to a wonderfully clear and brilliant blue between the hurrying snow clouds. Altogether it was a very cheerful scene that the little girl looked upon. It made her feel quite happy.

Soon she was past the huts and out upon the steppe. Between the huts and the village of Pokrovskoe only an occasional verst post or hayrick relieved the monotony of dazzling white snow. Matryóna walked briskly along, now and then feeling her nose to see that it had not frozen. It was four versts to the village but she did not mind the distance. As she walked, she thought again of her brother. How hard it was that he must leave his wife and child. She wished that her father had had four hundred rubles. It was vain to wish that, however.

Matryóna was growing sad again, when the sound of bells jingling merrily broke into her thoughts. They told of the approach of a troika on the road behind her.

"Oh, here comes the posht!" she exclaimed. "I hear the courier's bell. It is so beautiful."

And in fact the sound of the bell on the courier's troika was peculiarly beautiful, clear, sonorous, deep and jingling a little.

This was a hunter's team, three bells, the large beautiful one in the center with the "crimson tone" and two smaller ones tuned in thirds. The sound of these three was singularly effective and pleasant on the lonely steppe.

The troika was rapidly coming nearer. Now she could hear the clear tenor voice of the yamskik shouting to his horses. On they came, the shaft horse with his head high under the great crimson duga where the bells rang so merrily, the outside horses galloping with their heads held low and sideways. How beautiful they were with their flying manes and flashing feet! How the scurrying snow flew from under the runners and was tossed about by the wind! How loudly the bells rang and how vigorously the driver shouted! Now how close they were! It was indeed the post team. Now in a flash they have passed leaving behind them a trail of cheerful melody.

Matryóna walked briskly on, but now she thought no more of her brother. The sound of the bells had turned her thoughts in another direction. They reminded her of a wonderful music box that she had heard played in the trakir of the village koop-yets (trader). The koop-yets had brought it from St. Petersburg six months before to sell. Matryóna loved it and longed for it. The thought that someone might buy it was one of the chief anxiety of her life. There was little danger of this, however, for the price was enormous, forty rubles. Who could spend that much for a music box?

The little girl was still thinking of the music box as she passed the verst post. The sound of the deep bell of the post team had quite died away and she felt rather lonely. So to keep her spirits up she began to sing. Sweetly her voice rang out in the old Russian song, "The winds are blowing." Now why should she wish so passionately for a mere mechanical music box, when she herself was a music box more wonderful than any made by man? She had a voice that many people would have given much more than forty rubles to possess. However, such is the way of the world.

But now the jingling of bells and the shouting of a yamshik proclaimed the coming of another troika. Matryóna ceased

singing, and turned around. Soon she recognized the beautiful black horses of the barin Neklindof. She curtsied low as the troika dashed by. However, it was not the barin but a stranger, richly dressed in furs, who sat behind the driver. "That must be the American brother of the barinya's, who arrived at the upper house yesterday," thought Matryóna.

The little girl was now quite near the village. A few steps more and she was hastening down the village street, past the kabak, past the well, to the trakir where the precious music box still sat in state in the window. Her anxiety on this point removed the little girl went happily on and was soon mounting the few steps that led to the porch of her brother's home. She lifted the latch and opened the door. There was a rush of hot, stifling air with a smell of cabbage and fur garments. "How good everything smells," thought Matryóna, as she quickly closed the door to keep out any fresh air. A young peasant woman with a sweet, serious face, was sitting on the bench, rocking with her foot a cradle that was suspended from the ceiling by a long hook. She looked up as Matryóna entered but did not speak. The little girl went directly to the ikon, bowed and crossed herself, then turning, she greeted her brother's wife and the tiny Fejedka in the cradle. Duniasha was very glad to see the little girl and gladder still to hear her message. She had been very lonely since Vasili had gone. She made Matryóna some tea, but the little girl, remembering her promise to her mother, would not stay long. After again bowing and crossing herself before the ikon, she said good-bye to Duniasha and left the hut.

To her surprise the weather had changed. A high wind was blowing and the sky, full of snow clouds, looked quite black. It seemed as if a storm was coming. She would have returned to the hut, but she thought to herself, "Mamuska will worry if I am not home by noon. I will try to do it." So she hurried through the deserted village street and out across the steppe.

Before she reached the first verst post the snow began to fall. The wind blew harder, fiercer. Still she hurried on. Faster and faster fell the snow, rougher and rougher grew the road. The wind howled over the plain, whipping the snow into her face,

half blinding her. She was quite bewildered now and frightened. "Oh, where am I?" she cried. "Where am I? Oh, what shall I do?" All was white, white and fluctuating. Vainly she looked for verst post, fence, or hayrick. Nothing could be seen but falling snow. On and on she went, lost, weary, terrified, and cold, so very cold. Suddenly something loomed up a few feet before her. Oh, joy! a hayrick! Now she was safe. In a few moments she was snuggled up in the hay. How warm it was, and soft. The heavy eyelids drooped, and soon she was asleep. For two hours she slept, while around her a terrible storm raged.

When she woke, however, and peeped out of her warm nest, the wind had died down a little and the snow fell no longer. Great drifts lay to right and left like waves of the sea. But the thing that delighted her most was the sight of a verst post not forty yards away. She climbed out of the hay and plunged through the snow to it. To her surprise she found that she was only a verst from home. The storm seemed quite over now, so she set off. It was hard walking in the deep, soft snow, but she plodded along bravely and finally to her great joy she saw the black wings of the windmills in the distance. Soon she would be home.

Suddenly she stumbled over something and fell headlong. She picked herself up, and looking around saw to her horror that the thing she had stumbled over was the body of a man lying frozen in the snow. For a moment the sight stunned her, then collecting her scattered wits, she stooped over him and rubbed his face and hands vigorously with snow, trying in every way to rouse him. "He must be nearly dead," she thought. "What shall I do? If I leave him here to go for help he will surely perish. The only way is to try to get him to the village myself." So saying, she started slowly off, half carrying, half dragging her heavy burden. To add to her trouble it began to snow again, at first gently, then faster and faster. Now the horizon and the windmills vanish, now they seem within two steps. Bravely the little girl plods on. How tired she is now! If she could only lie down to rest for a moment in the soft snow. Fight-

ing this deadly impulse, on and on she goes. Slowly, slowly over the sea of snow creeps the weary child, still with her heavy burden. Is that a house she sees or is it a vision? No, it has yellow shutters. It must be her home. Now it has gone again. The brave little figure staggers and falls, but it is at the door of her own dear shutters. The house with the yellow shutters was not a vision but a reality.

When Matryóna opened her eyes, she found herself lying on the bench near the stove in the cheerful familiar room of her home. "Why did she feel so tired?" she wondered. "Who was that talking with that deep, kind voice, and what was he saying? Something about a broken sleigh runner, somebody trying to walk home, getting lost in the snow, and being found and saved by a little girl—" It all came back now. So that had not been a dream. She had really gone through it all. Why, that must be the man now, talking to her mother. Where had she seen him before? Oh, to be sure! In the troika that morning, the barinya's American brother.

Now he had come over to where she was lying and was praising and thanking her. "What do you want most in the world, brave little girl?" she heard the kind voice say.

Want most? Why, the music box, of course! No, how could she be so selfish and forgetful of her brother. "Your excellency," she stammered timidly, "my brother—a soldier—could you—"

"To be sure, to be sure, a substitute," said the deep voice reassuringly. "It shall be arranged immediately. But for yourself, my child, is there nothing you wish for yourself?"

Ah, the music box! Dared she ask? "Your Excellency," she murmured, "could you,—a music box—perhaps? Indeed it is too much to ask I know," she added anxiously.

"Too much! Indeed it is not too much. A music box for a life! It is too little. Is there nothing else you would wish?"

Matryóna opened her eyes with surprise. What more in the world was there to desire, with the music box promised? Nothing surely. Foolish man! She smiled faintly.

But what was this tumult outside the hut? Many voices were

shouting "Barinya, barinya!" The door of the hut opened. Matryóna looked up. There on the threshold stood the barinya, richly dressed in silks and furs. She had come to thank the brave little girl for saving her brother's life.

Now the skies could have fallen and Matryóna would have shown little surprise. Nothing that could happen could be more

wonderful than what had already occurred. Her brother free, a music box promised, and the barinya stooping over her and kissing her in the full sight of all the village. Truly it was a day of miracles. Matryóna's cup of joy was full, pressed down, and running over.

MABEL BAIRD



Summer

Slow stealing over woods and hills,
Slow thawing out of brooks and rills,
Slow awakening sleeping life so still,
So came the summer.

With dreamy days and dreamy nights,
With dewey morn and long twilights,
With coming birds and warm sunlight,
So came the summer.

Nights of cool and peaceful rest,
Nights of calm and peace possessed,
Nights with stars and whiteness blest,
So came the summer.

Cooler days and cooler nights,
Cooler shadows from tree-tops heights,
Cooler air from far away sights,
So left the summer.

Leaves falling now here and there,
Leaves over the ground everywhere,
Leaves falling from the tree-tops bare,
So left the summer.

Summer flowers drooping now and dying,
Summer flowers blown by winds, softly sighing.
Summer flowers by the roadside lying,
So left the summer.

Seasons changing with many a sign,
Following each other down the line,
Coming again from time to time,
With such a variety, life is sublime.

S. C. F.

The Delivery of Chota Nila

WAKE up, you most lazy and ungrateful servant! Why do you lie here when the sun is within an hour of rising? Rise up! I have important work for you to do." The boy lay still. Rutuf Ram kicked him and again urged him to rise.

"I but returned from last night's errand," complained Chota Nila, rising stiffly from his bed, a pile of straw matting made from the hairy bark of the palm tree. "My yesterday's tasks were not done until this morning, and thou—thou wert shouting and crying at a festival." The boy had lost some of his former fear of his master, and occasionally dared to answer.

"Well," replied Rutuf Ram, "why should I not enjoy myself? Are you not my slave to do my work?"

Sullenly the boy went about his usual tasks. He despised Rutuf Ram, not only because so cruelly treated by him, but because Rutuf Ram was a no-caste, a pariah, an outcast, while he—unconsciously the lad straightened—he was the son of a warrior, a member of the third caste. Every day the boy felt more keenly the disgrace of eating with, working for, and being ordered by a pariah. He was saving up a little money, a few coins now and then, and he thought with pleasure of the time when he should have enough to leave Rutuf Ram, and seek his father's people.

"You are unusually slow today. Do you not enjoy working for a no-caste master?" Rutuf's delight in annoying the boy overcame his aversion to mention his lack of caste.

"I mind not that," replied the boy, "What I do not like is working for one who in the next world will not rise, but descend—there are stages lower than no-caste." The taunt struck home, for Rutuf Ram was a most unscrupulous man, and he dreaded leaving the Wheel of Things.

The boy laid out their breakfast—rice and a little fish for himself—the same, garnished with vegetable curry, sour tamarind conserve, and clarified butter, for his master.

After the meal, Rutuf Ram drew a little sealed packet from one of the many pockets in his voluminous costume, and giving it to the lad, said, "Make haste, O Chota Nila, to the home of my brother tradesman, by the Fort Ditch. Do not linger as before, or I shall question why," and he shoved the boy into the street, who knew by experience, his master's method of questioning. Rutuf Ram lived by the Delhi Gate, and the friend lived across the city, a long journey for a little fellow, but, as Rutuf had said, the boy was a slave, to do his master's work.

Early as it was, the Motee Bazaar was crowded, sweetmeat sellers were arranging their trays, water-carriers were filling their vessels at the creaking pump, vegetable sellers were spreading their wares, laborers hastened here and there, all gaunt, hungry-looking, poorly and scantily clad. Trudging along with his important packet, Chota Nila saw the shoemakers squatting in their shops, square holes in the stone walls, and looking like "dogs in their kennels."

Presently he noticed that the crowd stood back. Then he saw the Sacred Bull coming down the street, gay with decorations of cloth and flowers, eating now from this booth, now from that, nosing over the choicest foods until he found something to suit his taste. Chota saw many in the bazaar with hair cut close, for the sacrifice of one's hair entitled one to a thousand year's pleasure in Paradise.

Chota passed from the sordid native quarter, with its dark, narrow streets, its filthy huts, its swarm of dirty children, over the Bari Doat canal, into the English section, and seemed to step into another world. Here all was clean and white and modern. Here were large, roomy bungalows, with occasional glimpses of silver and glass on well laden tables. Early as the day was, servants were throwing water on the heavy mats hung over the doors and windows to windward.

He saw Abkais gateway, with its queer carvings. He delivered the package to the horse trader by the Fort Ditch looked wonderingly at the fort itself, and started home. He was in no hurry, for he would be scolded whether he was early or late.

So he stopped to watch all the snake charmers he met, stopped again to watch the sacred pigeons and elephants and the priests with their mechanical prayer barrels. He looked into the railroad station, the floor of which was apparently paved with the dead, but in reality with native passengers, who had bought their tickets over night and were sleeping until train time.

He went outside again and counted the number of coffins piled there, for the death rate of foreign visitors and residents was so high in the summer time, owing to the intense heat, that the railway company kept a store of coffins always on hand. He watched the great throng of native travelers, old and young, rich and poor, sick and well, high caste and low, journeying toward Benares to bathe in the river Ganges, the dirtiest river of cleansing in the world.

Crossing from the railroad station to the gate Kashmei Sirai, Chota Nila watched the camel drivers unload their beasts, listened to the horse traders drive their bargains; all sorts and conditions of people were here, all sorts of confusion and noises.

Going back through the heart of the city he saw scores of beggars, some real, many "fakirs," some with beggar's cups others holding their hands cup-shape, and all crying, "My mother is dead! My father is dead! For the love of the gods! give alms!" Chota wondered at their lack of originality. He thought of his mother's death four years before, the death of his father, a native district ruler, in battle, one year later, his own capture by Rutuf Ram, who was attracted by the boy's bright eyes and apparent wisdom. Rutuf Ram had need of just such boys, and the younger the better. This morning he remembered especially his friendship with Jack Hamilton, his father's English advisor. Hamilton had taken a fancy to Chota, both because he was a merry,

likable little fellow, and because he reminded Hamilton of his own little boy in far away England. Chota Nila missed his friend even more than his father, for the Englishman had had more time to spend with the boy.

"O, boy, I would have thee do me a service."

Chota started guiltily, but when he saw that the speaker was not a policeman, but an English soldier, he continued to swing his feet complacently. Suddenly, he thought that here, perhaps, was a chance to add a coin to his slender store, so he slid down from his perch and inquired of the stranger, "Did you call me?"

"Yes," the man answered, "here, take this money, run and purchase for me some food."

Chota Nila ran off, puzzled. Never before had he forgotten a face, yet he could not place this one.

The soldier said, "If he comes back I shall know that it is he."

Chota Nile did come presently, and handed the stranger the money, less the cost of the food, and the commission, the inevitable commission of India.

The soldier invited him to partake of the meal, and drawing the boy on to talk to himself, was convinced that this, indeed, was the boy he was seeking. Then he told Chota that he was Hamilton, that he had been looking for his little friend even since the battle, that he had come to take him home.

Chota was too surprised and happy to speak, but the glad look on his face thanked the soldier as eloquently as he could have desired.

Together they interviewed Rutuf Ram, and, by threats and bribes, secured the freedom of the boy. That evening, they left together, Hamilton and Chota Nila, the latter calling back over his shoulder, "Now when you go to take your abode in an ant or maybe a bat, you will have no one to light your funeral pyre," for he knew that greatly as Rutuf Ram feared death, even more he dreaded the disgrace of having no male relative to apply the torch at his burial.

ADELINE TOYE

School Songs

ON TO VICTORY.

TUNE: Hey tutti, taitie.

Scotts, wha hae wi Wallace bled.

Men who wear the gold and white,
Men who hear the call to fight,
Battle now for school and right:
On to victory!

Myriad fields of conflict won
Stand behind, and like the sun
Brighten future paths to run
On to victory!

Let this legend ever stand,
While in conflicts which demand
Strength and courage, sturdy band,
On to victory!

Gold and white, the standard raise.
Let it's motto brighter blaze,
Ever 'till the end of days;
On to victory!

ARTHUR AITON.

ALMA MATER SONG.

TUNE: Cornell Alma Mater Song.

In the town of Alameda,
Near the golden gate,
Stands our famous Alma Mater
Whom we celebrate.

Right beyond the golden city,
Of the golden west,
In a town of homes and dwellings
She does proudly rest.

Sing in praise of Alameda,
Of the white and gold,
Of her students, true and faithful,
And her heroes bold.

CHORUS:

Sing the chorus in her praises
Loud, as is the rule;
Hail to thee! our Alameda,
Hail dear old High School.

LEROY KRUSI.

The Fatal Line

IT was a cold day which dawned, in the month of November, when the great game between Brown and Exeter was to be played. The town of Exeter was decorated in the colors of its college and the football field looked a mass of red and blue and white. On one side of the field were the bleachers reserved for the followers of Brown College, and on the other side, those reserved for Exeter.

A little after noon the people from the surrounding country began to come into Exeter in automobiles and special trains to see the big football game of the season. It was a jolly crowd that assembled on the bleachers, and the rooting sections of the two colleges good-naturedly hurled back their yells at each other, while the bands played all the college songs.

In the dressing room at the south end of the field were the members of the Brown College football team. They were a sturdy and hardy crowd of fellows, all determined to win and to uphold the honor of their school. The star quarter, Horton, had been injured in a game a week previous, and this made the Brown members downcast, for he was the mainstay of the team. But the coach gave them encouragement and said that he had substituted Philips, a member of the second team, in Horton's place. Philips was a young fellow about twenty years of age, having blue eyes and light brown hair. He weighed one hundred and seventy-five pounds and stood five feet nine inches in his stocking feet. As the game depended on him, the coach took Philips over to one side and told him to do his level best and not to give up till the game was won.

The members of the Exeter football team were confident of winning the game with ease, but this over-confidence was due to give them a big surprise.

At two o'clock the teams went on the field for light practice. As each team appeared, the crowds cheered and waved banners. Each member was given a cheer that inspired him to go out and win the game for his college. When the referee blew his whistle to start the game, each team took its position on the field. Exeter won the toss and got first kick off. The signal was given and away flew the ball. Philips of Brown received it, but was downed before he could gain any ground.

"First down, five yards to gain," shouted the referee. But, after two more trials, Brown failed to gain a yard and it was Exeter's ball. Exeter plunged right through the Brown line and gained twenty yards before the first down. When they were getting close to Brown's goal, Exeter fumbled the ball and Philips was on it in a second. In the next twenty minutes of play, Brown came within twenty-five yards of Exeter's goal, but try as they might, they could not break through the Exeter line. The first half ended with no score for either side.

Cheer after cheer went up from the crowd, as the two teams returned to the dressing rooms.

The second half was started by an Exeter man getting the ball. But he was tackled by Philips in the center of the field. The ball was put into play and Exeter gained ground time and again. It soon looked as if they would get the first goal. When the Brown followers saw this, they cheered with so much verve and enthusiasm, that their team took on a new lease of life. They rushed Exeter into the middle of the field and for fifteen minutes the ball never went out of this territory.

Suddenly the whistle blew and time was called, for Philips of Brown was lying motionless on the ground. He had to be carried off the field, for his ankle had been sprained.

Horton, who was on the side lines all this time, waiting to get into the game, went up to the coach and asked to be put in the place of Philips. He said that his side was better and that he was able to stand the strain. The coach at first refused, but, seeing that Horton was the only man who could fill the place, he allowed him to go into the game.

The crowds cheered Horton and his own supporters gave him six such rousing cheers, as he had never heard before. Then he knew it was up to him to win the game.

Play was resumed and Brown soon got the ball on a fumble. There were only five minutes left for play and each team was determined to fight till the last moment.

The signal was given for Horton to receive the ball. He took it and ran around the right end. The field was clear before him and he ran for all he was worth. A mighty cheer rent the air, as he was running. He thought he could hear the panting breath of an Exeter man behind him, but still he ran. The goal was getting nearer and nearer to him and the crowd was shouting louder and louder.

All at once a great pain seized Horton in the side. But still he ran, until, being completely exhausted, he fell. The last he knew or heard was a cheer that went up from all sides of the field, for he had won the game for Brown College by crossing the fatal line of Exeter's goal.

CECIL PENBERTHY

ALAMEDA HIGH

Alameda, to you we proudly raise
Loudly our shouts and songs of praise;
And add a cheer for all the team.
May victory ever on them beam,
Encouraging to honors new.
Dear old high school, now for you
Athundering brackety we give.

Here's to her name! Long may she live
In high esteem and worthiness.
Good we have found her we'll confess.
Hail! all hail! our A. H. S.

LE ROY KRUSI.

A Hieland Macgregor

LONG before daylight little Jamie Soutar had dressed in the semi-dark, washed shiveringly in cold water, and seated himself in humility beside the Gudeman, his father. After morning prayer the Gudeman sang a judicious portion from the forty-second psalm and then commended the steaming "por-ritch" to the family. The "porritch" was eaten without any addition; only Jamie remembered, with his marvelous memory, for good tastes, when on Christmas the extravagance of cream was allowed.

"Jamie," said the Gudeman after the meal, "ye're no gangin' wi' the dominie the day. I've ither work. You'll be takin' the siller tae Dumtochy, wi' ma compliments, an' ye may veesit Ian Macgregor wha's reporting tae the presbytery for me."

Jamie had great terror of the mysterious home far up the glen in Dumtochy, and still greater fear of the dweller therein, but he knew better than to question the Gudeman.

Soon Jamie left the "wee but an' ben" and started with joy and fear for Dumtochy. He had the rent money tied safely around his neck. He whistled "Donald Dhu" with more noise than melody as he started along the road which led through duli purple heaths interspersed with prosperous farms and green cat-fields.

At noon Jamie ate his frugal meal in a grove of silver birches by the side of a bonnie wee burn. A few hours later he reached Dumtochy, the small town with its inevitable kirk and manor.

The good Mr. Milawber, a well-fed Englishman with the fussy manners of a French bourgeois, beamed delightedly on Jamie when he entered the office. Setting his glasses on the extremity of his nose, Mr. Milawber rubbed his pudgy hands in anticipated glee and purred, "Ah, a good afternoon, young sir, a good afternoon."

"Nae doot," replied Jamie, "but it canna last."

"You have business with me, my young friend?"

"Ay, ye'll be makin' a receipt of this siller," rejoined Jamie.

The silver changed hands. After carefully depositing his receipt Jamie left the office, with Mr. Milawber bowing and smiling at the door, and started up the hill in a doubtful frame of mind to visit Macgregor.

Ian Macgregor was an old soldier who had fought under Wellington. He was forbidding in appearance and, because of his retiring nature, made few friends. Jamie's father had done him a little kindness which Ian, being a Highlander, never forgot, just as any wrong against him was always remembered.

The boys in Ian's neighborhood waged an incessant war against him. "He's o' the deil" was the only explanation they offered. Macgregor's figure was followed by taunts and sometimes by missiles, while the terrible oath of "Daggone" was borne in silent dignity. This the boys took for cowardice and they had determined to destroy his precious vegetable garden the very afternoon that Jamie sauntered from Mr. Milawber's amiable presence.

Jamie saw the crowd of boys gathered outside the hawthorne hedge which surrounded Mr. Macgregor's place, and heard sundry threats against the dweller in the "sam' glen." He suffered for a few moments with the struggle to overcome his boy-like fears of Ian, but his kindlier motives prevailed and he resolved to warn his father's friend.

Jamie strode bravely past the throng of boys. To their inquiries as to where he was bound he replied casually, "It doesna matter tae ye, I'm sounsie wi' mysel.'" Once out of their sight, Jamie ran as he had often imagined the English running from the terrible Wallace. Jamie's steps grew slower and slower as he neared Macgregor's cot, despite the siren of Ian's pipes playing "O! waes me for Bonnie Prince Charlie." "It's an accomplishment o' the diel," muttered Jamie. But screwing up his courage,

he knocked on the door. The pipes ceased their shrilling and a gruff voice bade him enter.

Ian Macgregor rose from his seat by the wide fire-place which filled one side of the only room. "You hev something to speak with me of," he said.

Jamie poured forth his tale, explaining who he was and his errand all in a breath. "Your father was my friend, so will you be," replied Macgregor tensely.

When the boys crept in on Macgregor's garden they were greatly startled by a surprising apparition which rose up from the hedge and in terrible Gaelic denounced their action. A man may curse for an hour in Gaelic without using the same word

twice. Surely it is a wonderful tongue. Macgregor was never molested by the Dumochy youth after that. The same light which had baffled Napoleon at Waterloo had shone in Ian's eye and illuminated his gaunt figure.

Jamie ate unknown sweets that evening and slept with a contented smile on his face. He dreamt dreams, for many days and nights following, in which claymores and wild cavalry charges had an undue prominence for a peaceful Lowlander who loved "a gangin' plea" nearly as much as a discourse on the "divine election."

ARTHUR AITON



THE
HIGH SENIOR CLASS



DEC.

1912



Arthur Aiton
Secretary

Helen Willkomm
Vice-President

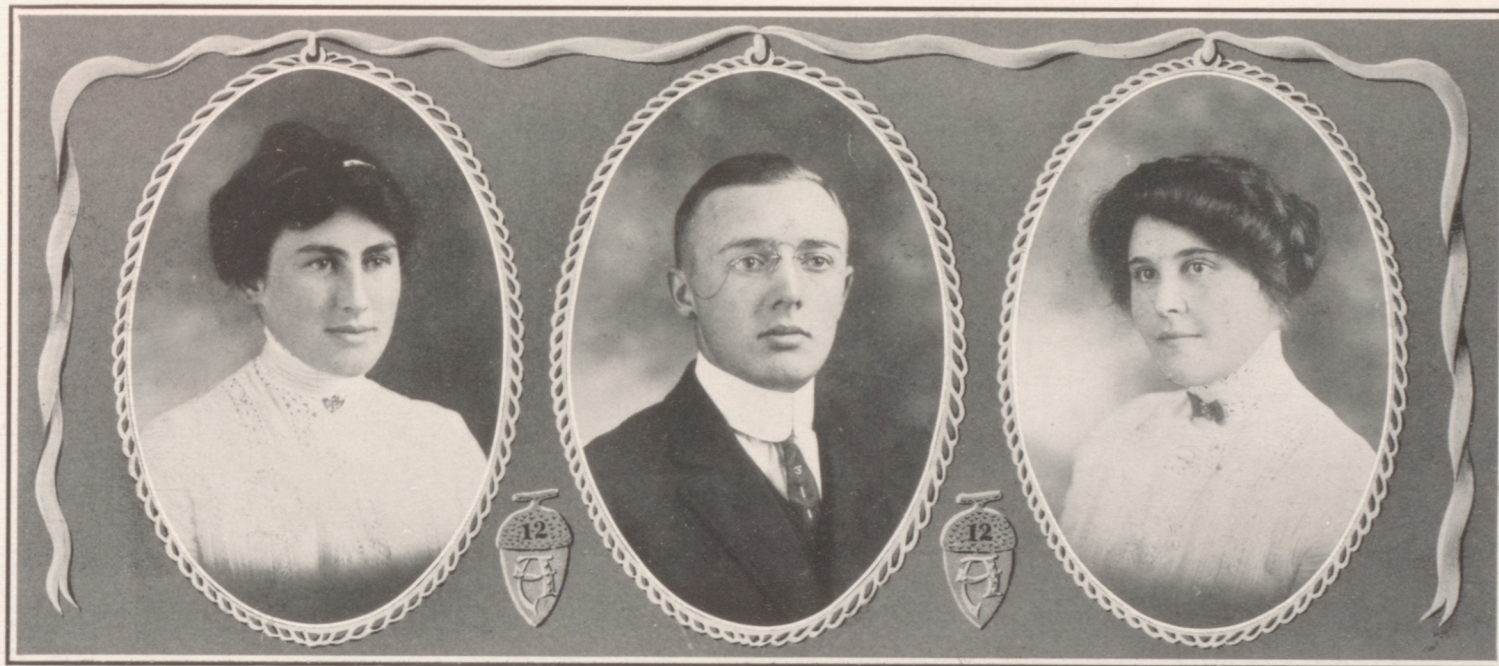
Domingo Bruzzone
President



Leslie Brown
Class Representative

Carlos Mundt
Treasurer

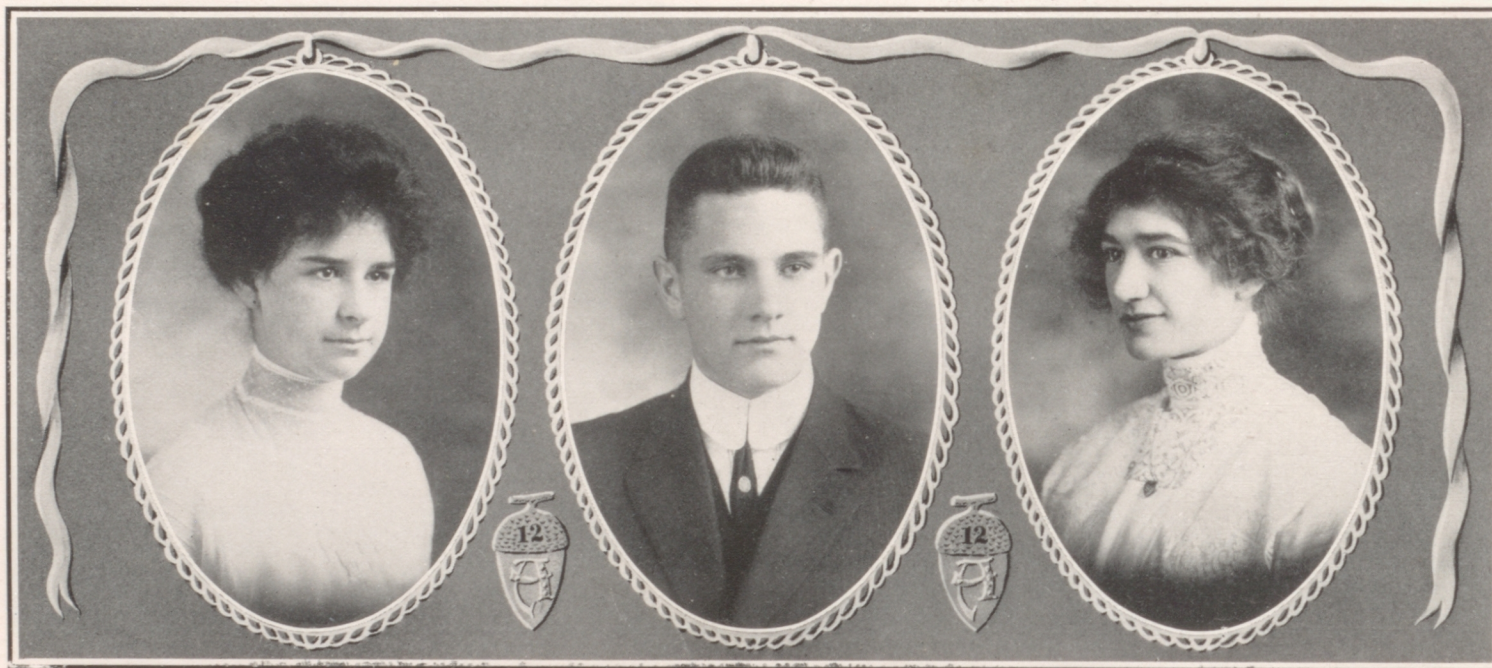
Katherine Geldermann
Class Editor



Dorothy Hiller

Alexander Baum
Class Representative

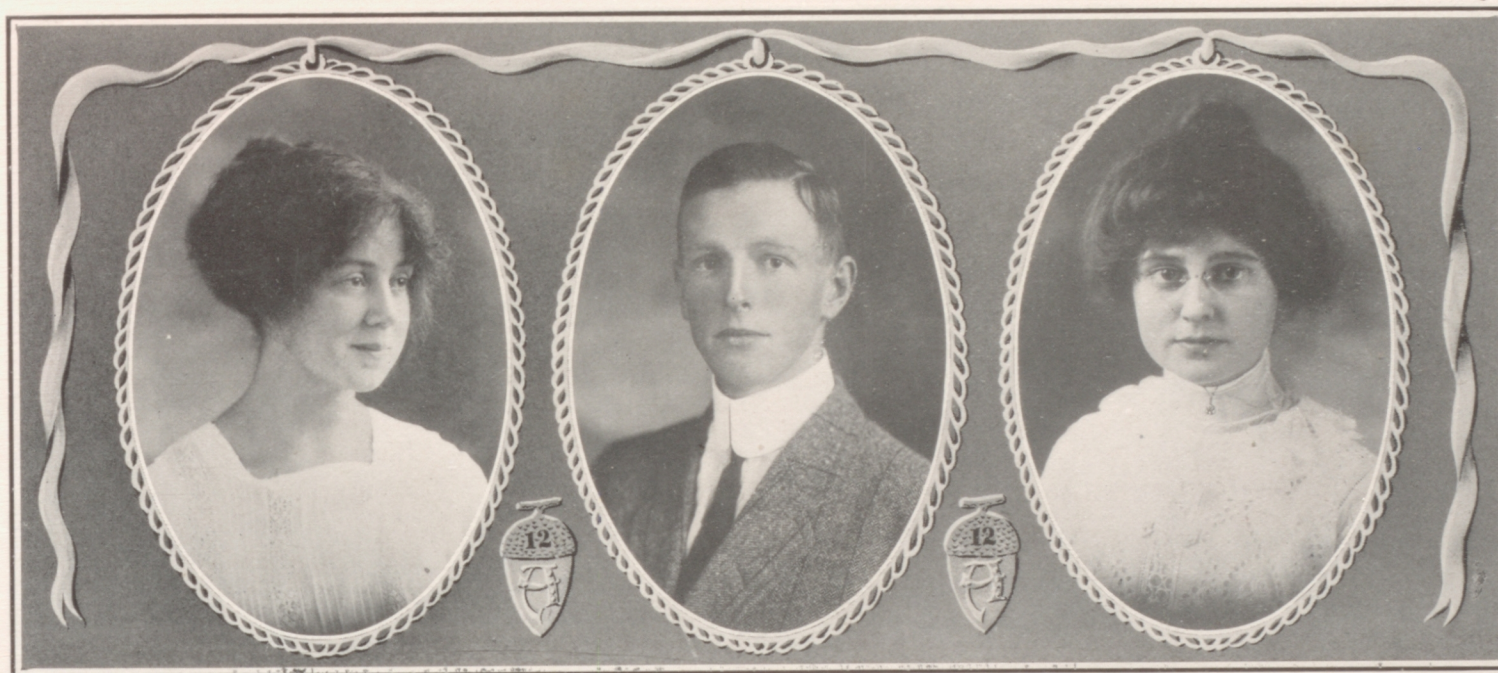
Ruby Standefer



Rose Margrave

Jack Pearson

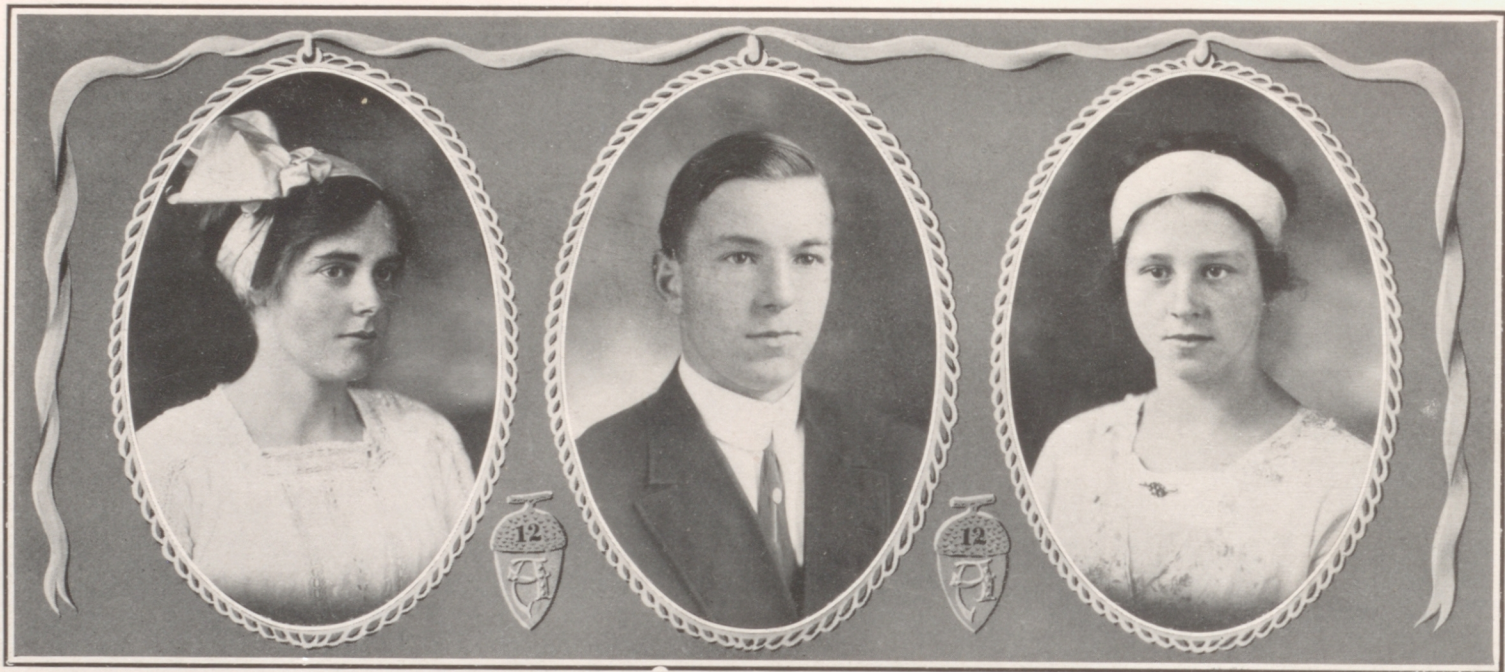
Eleanor Bertola



Ruth Huff

Wright D'Evelyn

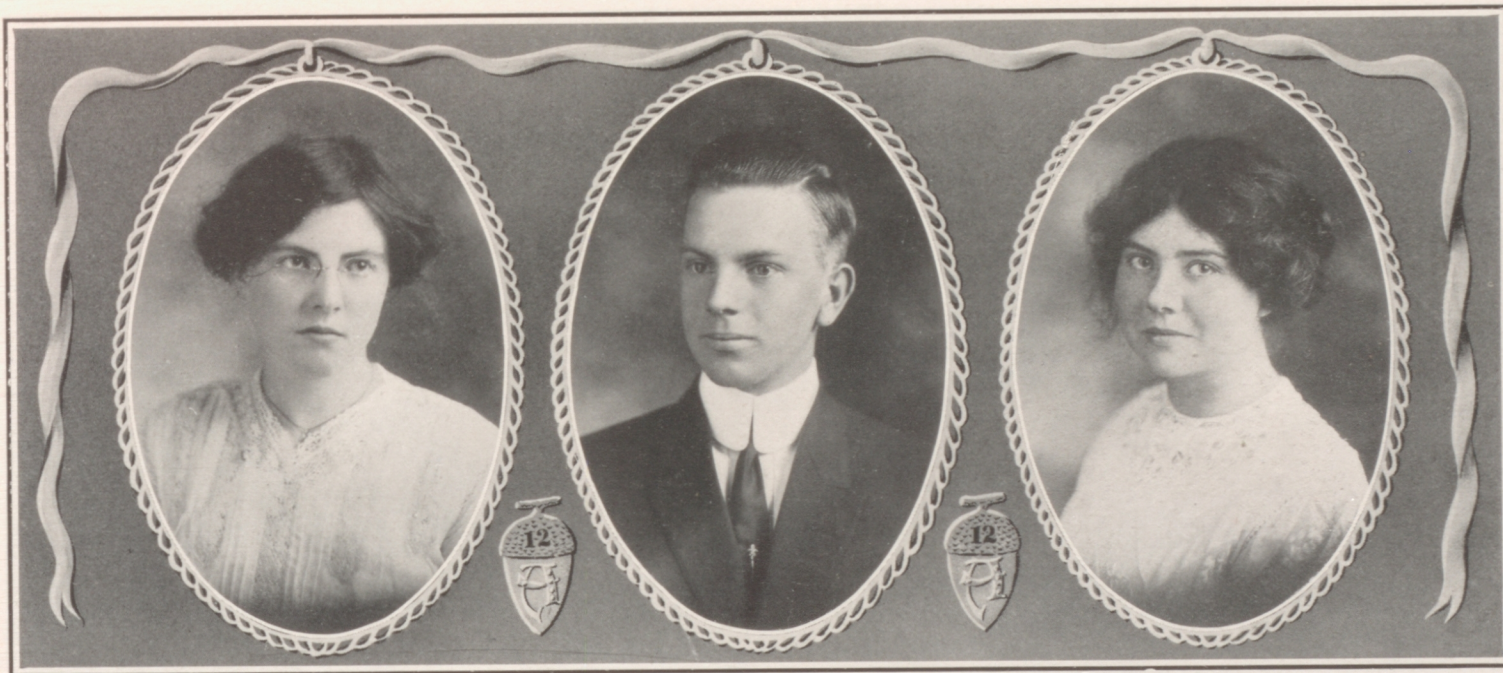
Beatrice Cummings



Macy Williams

Earl Gay

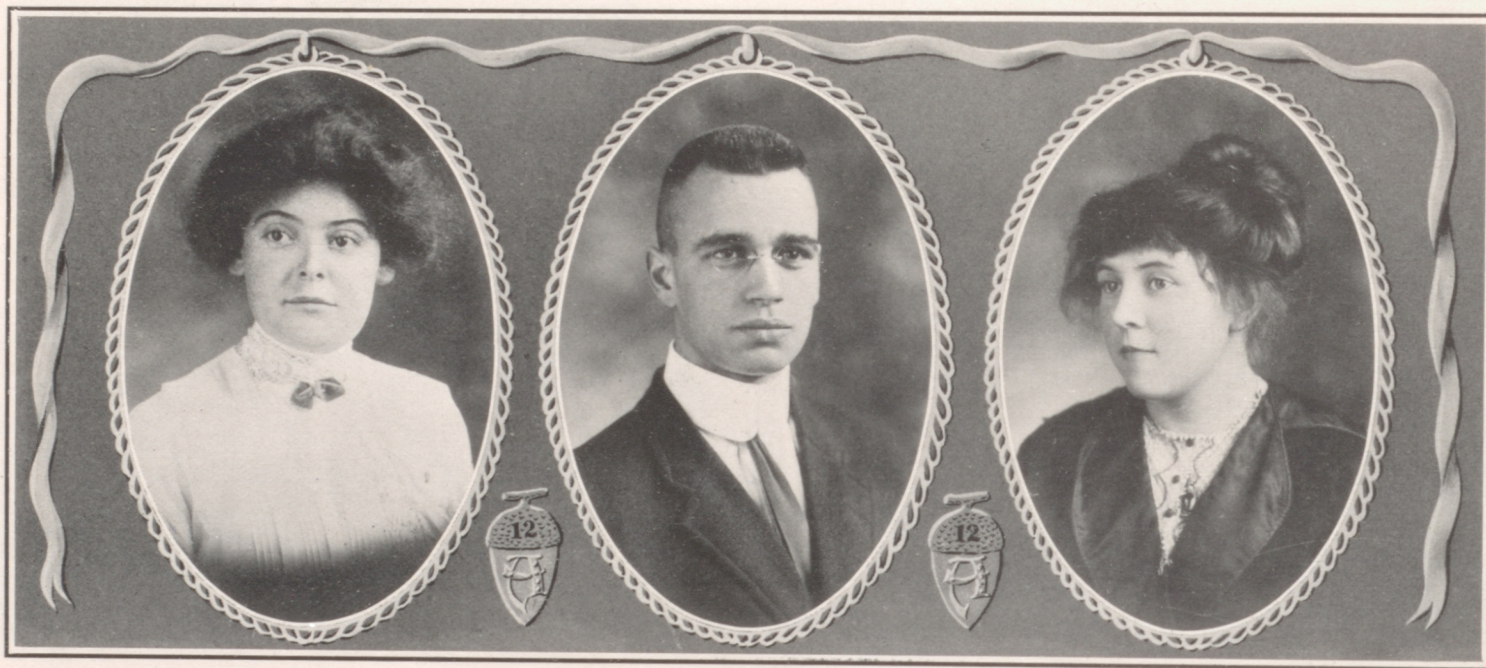
Alva Cornelius



Hazel Gardiner

Floyd Gray

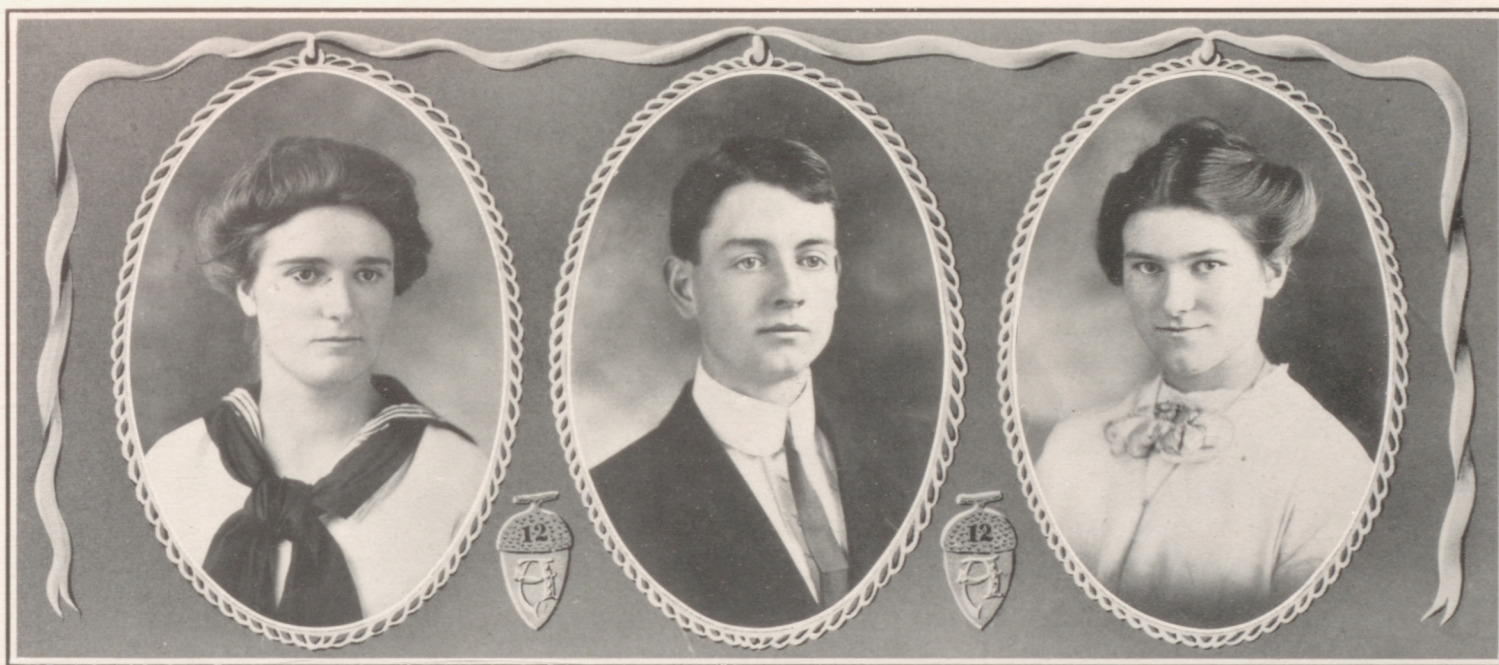
Louise McRoberts



Elsie Fores

Randolph Sharpstein

Lorena Smith



Beatrice Goodwin

Pierre Bynum

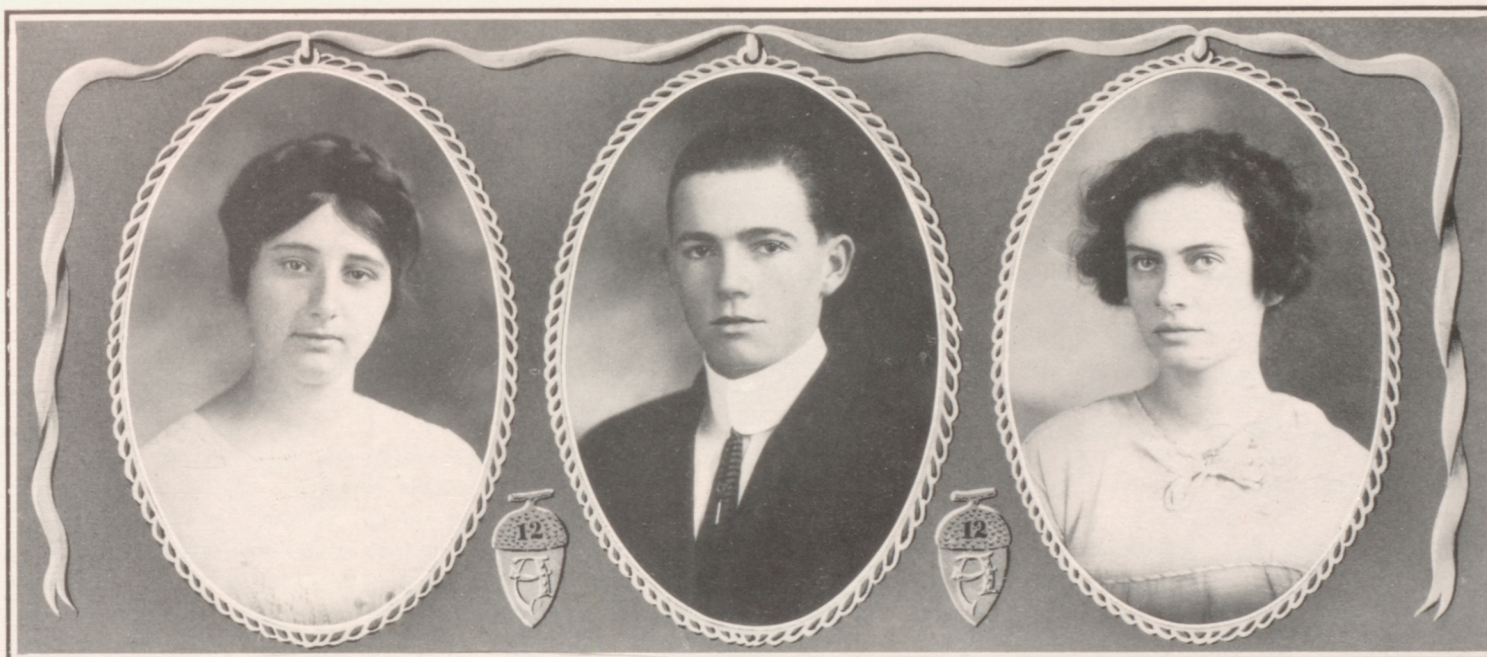
Ruth Sandkamp



Gladys Bremer

Harry Adams

Ruth Allen



Helen Rosenberg

Cecil Penberthy

Emilie Cohen



Helen Tillemann

Class History

N the month of January, 1909, the class of December, '12, entered the Alameda High School. At that time, though we considered ourselves quite important, we were indeed very green. Constant wear has caused that tarnished and emerald hue to disappear and now we shine forth, spreading light far and near. We look forward to that eventful moment when we shall be pronounced "the best class that ever graduated."

We did not find it necessary to organize until we attained that elevated height called the Low Junior term. The officers elected were: President, Domingo Bruzzone; Vice-President, Katherine Geldermann; Secretary, Mendell Larkin; Treasurer, Paul Frick; Class Editor, Leslie Brown. This term, however, we had no special activities to carry on.

In our High Junior year we again organized with the same staff of officers. During this busy season we selected our class pins. They have the general acorn design with the raised letter "A" set in pearls. These pins are considered the best so far produced. Later in the term we gave a dance. Although we encountered many awkward circumstances, the dance was a brilliant success. The class colors of green and white were carried out in the decorations and in the programs, producing an exceedingly pleasant effect.

The Low Senior year proved to be the busiest term. We selected our officers early in the term. They were as follows: President, Jack Pearson; Vice-President, Ruby Standefer; Secretary, Wright D'Evelyn; Treasurer, Arthur Aiton. It was in this term that we, the Low Senior Class, produced our senior play. We judged that our choice of Christopher Junior was the

best that could have been made. It was produced at Adelphian Hall on the night of April 26, 1912. The play, under the able coaching of Fred Carlyle and the management of Curtis Bradford, was not only an artistic, but also a financial success. The principal parts were taken by Ruby Standefer as "Dora" and Domingo Bruzzone as "Christopher Junior." Others who participated were Leslie Brown, Ruth Huff, Katherine Geldermann, Jack Pearson, Arthur Aiton, and Wright D'Evelyn.

On the last day of our Low Senior term we gave to the High Senior Class and the members of the Faculty an informal banquet at Adelphian Hall. The decorations were in the hands of a committee appointed by Emilie Cohen and were carried out to perfection. Elsie Fores had general charge of the dinner. George Mastick designed the very artistic and dainty place-cards. Toasts were made by the Faculty and various members of the Low and High Senior Classes, which added greatly to the enjoyment of the evening.

We started our High Senior term with the following capable staff of officers: President, Domingo Bruzzone; Vice-President, Helen Willkomm; Secretary, Arthur Aiton; Treasurer, Carlos Mundt; Class Editor, Katherine Geldermann.

On the evening of November 26, we presented that which no preceding class has ever done, a recital by Miss Gladys Emmons with several musical numbers by Miss Zdenka Buben. The recital was a pronounced success and drew a large attendance.

Now, on this, the eve of our graduation, with a bright future before us, we bid farewell to the Alameda High School and all its pleasant associations which we can never forget.

RUTH SANDKAMP, '12.

Class Horoscope

NAME	APPEARANCE	FAVORITE EXPRESSION	FAVORITE OCCUPATION	BESETTING SIN	IDEAL	APPROPRIATE SONG	DESTINY
"Choo-la" Adams	English Tailor Model	"Bo-ho"	Printing Signs	Leading the serpentine	College	"Ragtime College Girl"	Playing the piano in a "nick"
"Deac" Aiton	Ruff-fellow	"It is clearly stated in the rules."	Winning Moral victories	Debating	"Dan" Webster	"On to Victory"	Scientific pool player
"Aleck" Baum	a la Espanol	"Si Senor"	Hunting "dears"	Too numerous to mention	Buffalo Bill	"Slippery Place Rag"	Broncho Buster
"Ming" Bruzzone	Spring-like	"I believe I have the best interest of the school at heart"	Driving our automobile	Lending athletic jewelry	Maurice Costello	"Somebody's Coming to Town (from Dixie)"	State Senator
"P" Bynum	Lady-like	"Oh, pshaw"	Housekeeper	Cutting out paper dolls	Philanthropist	"Ragging the Baby to Sleep"	President of W. C. T. U.
"Flame" D'Evelyn	Funny Fellow	"Oh. gosh"	Writing Acorns	Staying up late at nights	Wm. R. Hearst	"Fuzzy Wuzzy Rag"	Editor of the Times-Star
"Sharkey" Gay	Pugnacious	"Get ruff, Aiton"	Watching K. "Ishi" and "Grub"	Getting to bed before 10 p. m.	Sterling Peart	"All Hail, Blue and Gold"	Running a shooting gallery
"Prof." Mundt	Cherubic	"Do you know your history?"	Cribbing	Corralling historical reference books	Diogenes	"Abide with me" (if you can)	Astronomer
"Cocky" Pearson	Dashing	"You fool"	Talking to Viv. on the phone	Heart-breaking	"Lou" Watts	"Dorothy Waltz"	Member of U. C. Varsity
"Pency" Pemberthy	Handsome	"Hang it"	Writing history notes	Calling Jefferson a Federalist	Rockerfeller	"My Dolly Gray"	Knight of the Road
T. R. Sharpstein	Smiles	"Tee-he"	Going to cotillions	Getting Reno girls' addresses	Rankin	"Waltz me around again, Mary"	Dancing teacher
"Baby Doll" Allen	Stately	"Come again"	Helping Henry	Carelessness (?)	Smiley and Gallagher	"Baby Rose"	Undertakeress
"Bertie" Bertola	Severe	"Oh, gee"	Complaining of Spanish lessons	Hasn't any	Irving Berlin	"They always pick on me"	Missionary
"Giddy" Breuner	Stunning	"George"	Actress	Taking the train	Julia Marlowe	"On Circus Day"	Chorus lady

Class Horoscope

NAME	APPEARANCE	FAVORITE EXPRESSION	FAVORITE OCCUPATION	BESETTING SIN	IDEAL	APPROPRIATE SONG	DESTINY
"Pinky" Brown	Dignified	"Oh, Kath"	Riding in the electric	Participating in "stag parties"	Barney Oldfield	"The Girl Who Wouldn't Spoon"	Historical research specialist
"Pep" Cummings	Independent	"Carry me"	Going to the Greek Theatre	Waltzing to two-steps	Marc Antony	"I Am Saving My Kisses for Someone"	Entertainer
"Em" Cohen	Pugnacious	"Oh, darn"	Sassing the teacher	Being good	Mr. T. M.	"I Want Someone to Flirt With Me"	Suffragette leader
Cornelius "Pop"	Demure	"Hay Mace"	Talking to "Mace"	Talking	Any man	"Down by the Old Mill Stream"	School teacher
"El" Fores	Reserved	"It makes me sick"	Studying history	Flirting	Kink of Hingland	"Hail to Our King"	Teacher of physics
"Hay" Gardner	Business-like	"Heavens"	Going to the library	Giggling	Elson	"Call Me Up Some Rainy Afternoon"	Librarian
"Dutch" Gelderman	Mischievous	"Root-te-toot"	Planning out her future	Bluffing	Eshenbaen	"I'd Love to be in Loveland"	A loving wife
"B" Goodwin	Thoughtful	"I don't know"	Thinking	Crabbing	Mr. Daniels	"Dreaming"	Latin teacher
"Bloody" Hiller	Sentimental	"Oh, kids"	Trying to get "rees"	Peroxiding	Mrs. Mandeler	"All Alone"	Caterer
"Ruchie" Huff	Huffy	"Look at 'Ming'"	Fluffy	Admiring acorns	Our own Sydney Ayres	"Please Don't Take Loving Man Away"	Chauffeur
"Winks" McRoberts	Jolly	"Help"	Shining in physics	Sounding the Suffragette party	Mr. Minium	"Billy"	Physicist
"Rosiola" Margrave	Dignified	"Pax Vobiscum"	Being quiet	Reciting in history	Hart	"Star-Spangled Banner"	Historian
"Hooley" Rosenberg	Petite	"Oh, shoot"	Sitting in sixth row at Ye Liberty	Ragging (?)	Dutch Mike	"Texas Tommy"	Dancing teacher
"Rufustan" Sandkamp	Bashful	"Oh, girls"	Getting "ones" in math—	Grinning	Mr. Kamp-on-the-Sand	"I am a Most Particular Lady"	Owner of Vancamps

Class Horoscope

NAME	APPEARANCE	FAVORITE EXPRESSION	FAVORITE OCCUPATION	BESETTING IN	IDEAL	APPROPRIATE SONG	DESTINY
"Rina" Smith	Capable	"Well, ah—"	Sleeping	Blushing	May Sutton	"Her Cheeks Are Like a Red, Red Rose"	Beauty specialist
"Rube" Standefor	Dimpled	"Hello, Cutie"	Taking the roll	Automobile riding	Chauffeur	"In My Merry Olds- mobile"	Leading lady
"Tilly" Tillman	Coquettish	"I don't know"	Studying English	Making herself too prominent	Horace Mann	"School Days"	Old Maid
"Gitney" Williams	Frank	"Are you going in?"	Swimming	The water	Nell Schmidt	"Won't You Come and Splash Me"	High diver at Orpheum
"Micky" Willkomm	Cute	"Quit"	Going to Ye Liberty	Her temper	She don't want him known	"Teasing"	Owner of a playhouse
"Pep" Gray	Aristocratic	"Hoot man"	Playing soccer	Talking to girls on the boat	Amos Elliott	"Put Me Among the Girls"	Soccer coach

The Times-Comet

Vol. 1

Weather All right if it does'nt rain.

PRICE 00 Sense.

MURDERED.

Considerable English has been found murdered in the Acorn in cold ink. The Grand Jury, composed of Mr. Agard, Miss Berg, and Miss Cohen, have offered a reward of twenty-five (25) first sections to persons giving clues to the whereabouts of the perpetrators. We have received information that Sleuth D'Evelyn is hot on the track.

LECTURE TONIGHT.

At Alameda High School Gymnasium.

This evening at the gymnasium of the Alameda High School, Mr. Mundt, the eminent astronomer, will lecture to the students on "Myths and Marvels of Mars." Mr. Mundt is an authority on this subject, having visited this planet 46 times.

NEW BOOKS.

"How to Take Notes," by Miss Emile Cohen, an interesting and highly educational work showing profound research.

"German Grammar," by John Pearson, Ph.D. The book is full of new and original words and phrases.

"Highensmile," the greatest opera of the age, by the Misses Goodwin and Gardiner. It is patterned after Lohengrin.

SOCIETY.

Ruby Standefer, popular debutante, was formally introduced into society at a reception given by Mrs. H. R. Standefer, for

which several thousand invitations were issued. In the receiving line were Miss Alva Cornelius and Miss Macy Williams. The charming and attractive Miss Standefer looked most exquisite in a dainty cerise crepe de chenine splashed with yellow around the hem, and embroidered in long sprays of purple wistaria drooping from the shoulders. Her coils of rich brown hair were bound by a dark green velvet band, brocaded with pearls. The whole effect was that of a transient rainbow as she flitted among the guests. Among the beautiful gowns displayed was the lemon-colored charmeuse which enhanced the dark beauty of Miss Cornelius. The charming Miss Williams was particularly attractive in a maroon-colored lace over a foundation of rich purple silk.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Miss E. Fores, fiancée of Lord Beastly Bore, of England, has just left for London, where a royal wedding will be celebrated in his Lordship's ancestral halls.

In the latest African news it has been stated that A. Baum is King Lob II of the Hottentots. Mr. Sharpstein and Miss Bremer, both missionaries to that tribe, recently had a thrilling escape from being served as dessert.

Miss Helen Willkomm leaves for Spain Monday, where she intends to teach the Spaniards the Spanish language. Miss Baldwin has assisted in this noble work.

News from the French capital states that M. Pierre Bynum has gained the reputation of being the fastest orator of the day.

THEATERS.

The Alameda Opera House
 Mr. Harry Adams presents
 MISS HUFF and MR. BRUZZONE
 in
 "His Mother-in-law's Revenge"

PANTAGES.

Headliner this week
 MISS LORENETTA HENRIETTA SMYTHE
 Great Diver!
 Just Swam Around the Horn!
 Miss Smythe learned to swim at the famous A. H. S. gymnasium's swimming tank.

ADVERTISEMENTS.**SANDKAMP'S BEANS.**

Most delicious, digestible and nutritious on the market. Successor to Van Camp's.

ALAMEDA AEROPLANE MAIL.

Contracts Furnished Governments

Apply TILLEMANN & ROSENBERG, General Agentesses

Learn to run your machine in three minutes. Specialties made of tree and pole climbing. Apply to MISS BROWN, Tel. Ala. 1867.

French Lessons. Apply to noted French scholar, Mlle. HILLER, recently of A. H. S.

Mr. Cecil Pemberthy and Mr. Floyd Gray wish positions as librarians of archives, preferably in New Mexico. Miss Bertola and Miss Margrave will accompany them as copyists.

WANTED—A mate. Apply to Skipper Geldermann, Dock 8, foot of Lafayette Street. No seaman who cannot tip the scales at 250 lbs. need apply.

CARLOS MUNDT '12

The man who stops his advertising to save money, is like the man who stopped his clock to save time.

“Christopher Junior”



THE CAST.

Christopher Jedbury, Sr., an East India Merchant.....Paul Frick
 Mrs. Jedbury, his wife.....Katherine Geldermann
 Christopher Jedbury, Jr., their son.....Domingo Bruzzzone
 Nelly, their daughter.....Ruth Huff
 Whimper, their man-servant.....Edwin Barnes
 Job, valet to Christopher Jr.....Arthur Aiton
 Major Headway, a retired soldier.....Austin Eimer

Dora, his niece.....Ruby Standefer
 Mr. Glibb, President of the Association for the Suppression
 of Juvenile Gambling.....Wright D'Evelyn
 Mrs. Glibb, his better half.....Gladys Bremer
 Tom Bellaby, a young lawyer.....Jack Pearson
 Mr. Simpson, manager of the Bombay House.....Alfred Powell

"Christopher Junior"

CHRISTOPHER JUNIOR," presented by the class of Dec. '12, has been generally pronounced a decided success. It is not a classical play but a highly amusing and entertaining farce. Every member of the class worked hard to make it a successful production, and the result was satisfactory, every seat being sold. The audience was an enthusiastic one, such as the play deserved, for there was not a dull moment in it. (Complications in the plot arose thick and fast, but they worked out satisfactory for all concerned.) Much of the success of the play was due to Mr. Carlyle and to Curtis Bradford, respectively coach and manager.

Our cast showed talent of which we had never dreamed. Ruby Standefer and Domingo Bruzzone, the leading characters, showed marked ability. Mr. Frick and Miss Geldermann, as Mr. and Mrs. Jedbury, took their parts in a dignified manner. Miss Huff and Mr. Pearson took the part of lovers—no more need be said. Mr. and Mrs. Glibb!—"what a scream!" The talkative Mr. Glibb amused the audience while his wife squelched his small efforts. It would take too long to write of the merits of all the cast. It was good throughout.

ALEXANDER BAUM.



Last Will and Testament

In the name of Miss Garretson, we, the class of December, 1912, being of sound and disposing mind and not acting under the duress, menace, fraud or undue influence of any person whatever, do make, publish, and declare this, our last will and testament, in manner following, that is to say:

I We do give and bequeath all the fire-escapes on Adelphian Hall to the next High Junior Class.

II. The hot air of the class to those who have cold feet on examination days.

III To all future classes the record of our class teller as a guide in the straight and narrow path of righteousness.

IV The many glad rags of the class to Ruth Howe in the hope that she will not be hobbled thereby.

V. Ming Bruzzone's successful negotiation of a third presidential term to Theodore Roosevelt for his use in 1916.

VI. "Skipper" Geldermann's "naughty-gal" ability to the Star and Key Society to help them on their next boat-ride.

VIII. Elsie Fores' ability to manage a BANQUET as a gentle hint to the Low Senior Class.

IX Lorena Smith's Complexion Improver to all pale and pallid freshmen.

X Carlos Mundt's tenor voice to the Alameda Fire Department for use in emergencies.

XI Ruth Huff's much admired scalp-lock to Mr. Rice.

XII Alva Cornelius' and Macy William's highly developed giggle to Mr. Agard.

XIII The transcendental ability of Arthur Aiton to loquaciously mystify every opposing faction to the "Scrubs."

XIV Rose Margrave's extraordinary flow of language to Leroy Krusi, hoping it may help him to overcome his shyness.

XV The two L. B.'s (lbs.) to the Administration Board for all light-weight candidates for the foot-ball team.

XVI Cecil Pemberthy's historical "brake" to the Westinghouse Company.

XVII Ruth Sandkamp's and Beatrice Goodwin's team-work to the next A. H. S. foot-ball team.

XVIII Our jewel of a leading-lady to Binder's Pharmacy in the hope that this will make Rubi-foam.

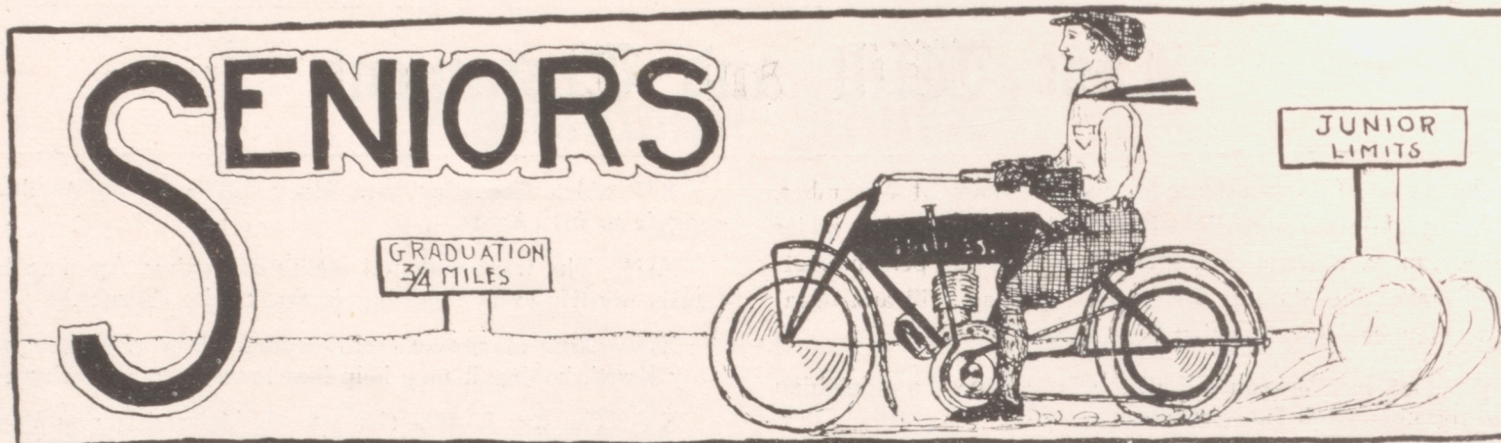
XIX Emilie Cohen's Martial ability to the struggling Bulgarians, who are making history in the east.

XX Our entire assortment of "ones" to Miss Garretson in order that she may have more to distribute next term.

XXI Mickie Willkomm's and Flame D'Evelyn's bright hair to the school as searchlights to make clear these jokes.

XXII To the teachers we leave gladly the recollection of those times when we thought them our worst enemies, but we refuse to part with the remembrance of the many times they have proven themselves to be our best friends.

LESLIE BROWN
RUBY STANDEFER



High Seniors

Officers.

President.....DOMINGO BRUZZONE
 Vice-President.....HELEN WILLKOMM
 Secretary.....ARTHUR AITON
 Treasurer.....CARLOS MUNDT

Oh! nothing to eight was the score,
 Which you sure have heard of before;
 But Gay lead the team
 So the "nothing" is seen,
 Which the Belmonts all wished had been more.

Floyd Gray, it has often been said
 Ought to change his name and instead,
 (Since his hair it is true is Titian in hue)
 What think you my friend of Floyd Red?

Class Celebrities.

Emily Cohen—Pride of the history department.
 "Mickey" Willkomm and "Flame" D'Evelyn—Our shining lights.
 Carlos Mundt—Self-possessed authority on all profound subjects.
 "Pinky" Brown—The students' friend.
 "Ming" Bruzzone—Matinee idol.

Ruth Huff in the show was a hit,
 And she wasn't angry a bit
 When Jack in the play,
 Behaved in that way,
 But outside she'd sure been in a fit.

Ruby who took the best part
 Showed us her knowledge of art;
 She dallied with Ming,
 The poor little thing,
 Till I thought it would sure break his heart.



Low Seniors

Officers.

President.....	AUSTIN EIMER
Vice-President.....	ADELINE TOYE
Secretary.....	KENNETH LOGAN
Treasurer.....	LEROY KRUSI
Play Manager.....	EDWIN BARNES
Class Editor.....	TRUMAN MILLER

Celebrities.

- "A. Bird" Krusi—"Ma Dio mio! I keel myself." Never fear, he won't; he has too many class dues on hand.
- Alonzo Barnes—"Let's see. Maybe I can get a free lunch and save the class some money."
- Rhein and Logan—Twins.
- "Ad" Toye—"And still they gazed, and still their wonder grew, That one small head" could write and bring that twenty through.

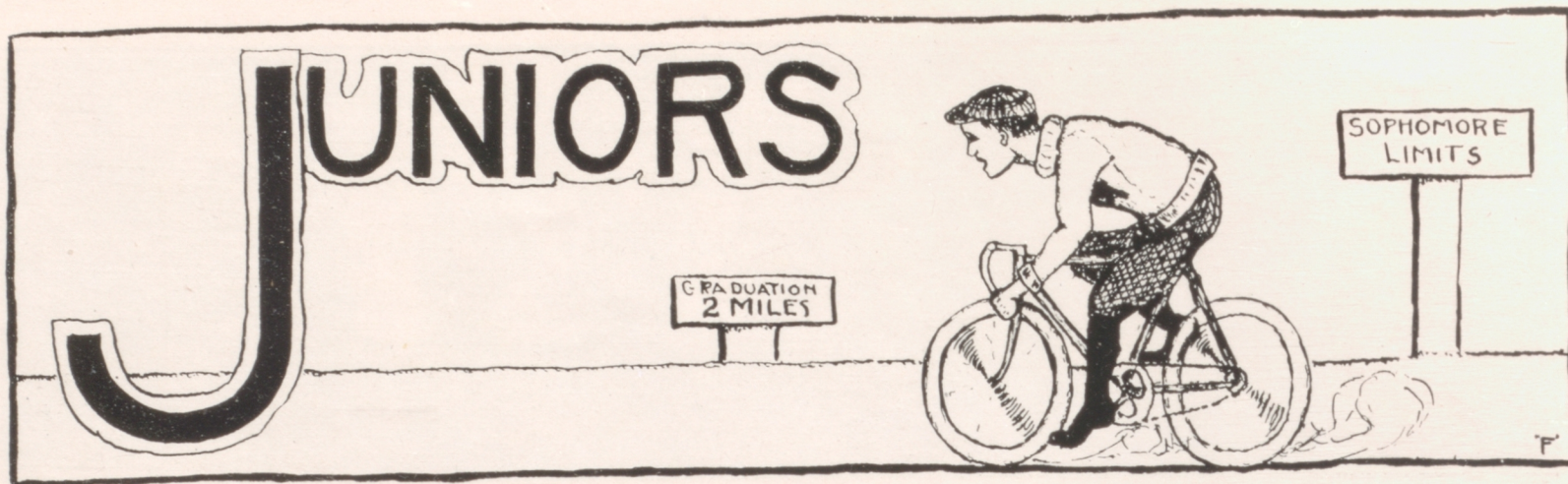
THE CLASS OF JUNE, '13.

During the early part of June, 1910, the class of June '13 was organized. From that date up to the present time it has been always a leader in school activities, athletic and social.

The first undertaking as a class was an entertainment given to the student body on St. Patrick's day, in March, 1910. Events have followed one another very closely since then. In 1911 the class baseball team captured the interclass ball league, and won the interclass swimming match, securing 19 points to the 17 captured by the Low Freshmen. The same year the class designed and adopted its pin, an acorn surrounded by pearls with a "13" on the cup and "A" on the acorn itself.

Last term, through the energy of Manager Hauch, the class gave a dance which was pronounced a great success by all.

So far this term an even better class spirit has been in evidence. The class put on the play "728" at Adelphian Hall on November 8. All who were fortunate enough to procure seats have proclaimed it one of the most successful plays that has ever been given by the school.



High Junior Class

Officers.

President.....	HOLLAND JOHNSON
Vice-President.....	DOROTHY CLEMENS
Secretary.....	ILA SMITH
Treasurer.....	LAURENCE DEAN
Class Editor.....	CHARLES TILDEN

Celebrities.

- "Windy" Branscheid—Class collector; has been blowing in coin on new suits lately. Looks suspicious.
- Traphagan—New find! Traphagan will star on the team of Pill Rollers this season with "Grub" Higgins a close second.
- Dr. Vaughan—Team doctor; still carries a full line of anti-anesthetics. They are a sure cure for knock-outs. (Reference, see Larkin.)
- "Joe" Chili—Clipping from Reno, Oct. 7th, 1912: A youth known as "Joe" Chili has been missing for several days, much to the distress of certain fair members of Reno society.

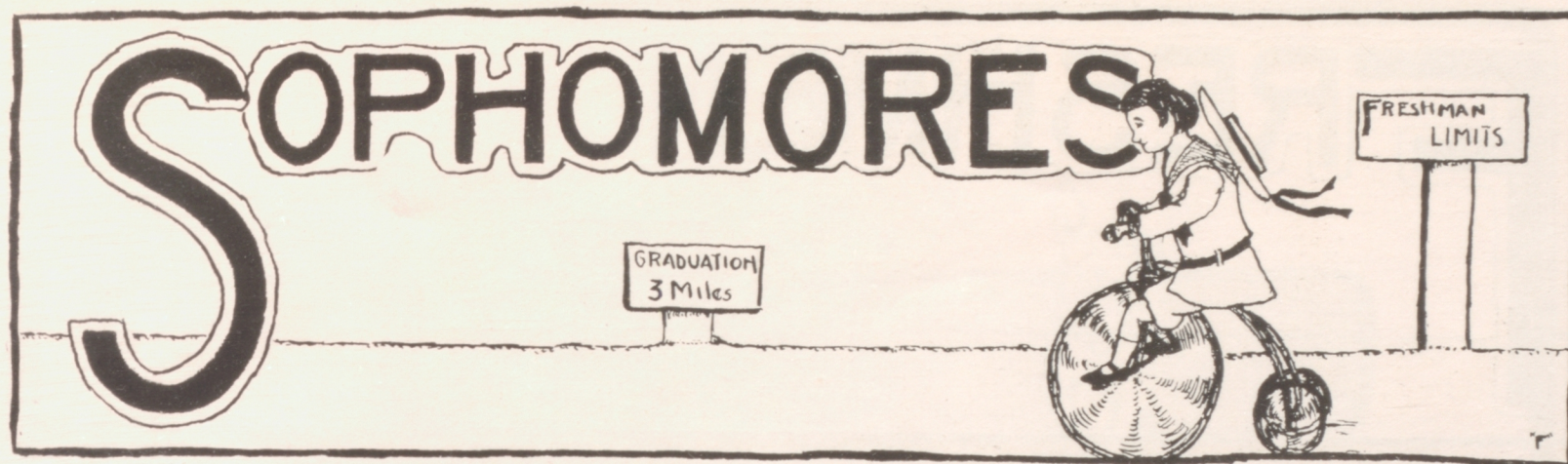
Low Junior Class

Officers.

President.....	BENJAMIN SHARPSTEIN
Vice-President.....	HELEN HAY
Secretary.....	ELLSWORTH LE COUNT
Class Editor.....	CLARENCE NOBMANN

Celebrities.

- Daffy Durney—Our "double distilled essence of ginger."
- Charles Clapp—Whose cry of "Student dues" makes us remember how broke we are.
- Ruth Barker—Whose posters have severely congested traffic in the halls.
- Mac Riddell—Who sure can sell tickets to anything.
- Douglas Kerr—Best beloved(?) of many girls.
- H. Akagi—Japanese ambassador to Alameda High, teaching foreign methods in geometry.



High Sophomore Class

Officers.

President.....EDWARD BATES
 Vice-President.....DOROTHY BAUM
 Secretary-Treasurer.....MARY DUNBAR
 Class Editor.....BRUCE FARRINGTON

Celebrities.

Sweeney and Zobel—Never parted.
 Miss Fish—Naturally attracted to Pond.
 Pearson—Class collector. Collects everything but his "heart's desire."
 Dickinson—Sure some sport.
 Griffiths—"Love me and the world is mine."

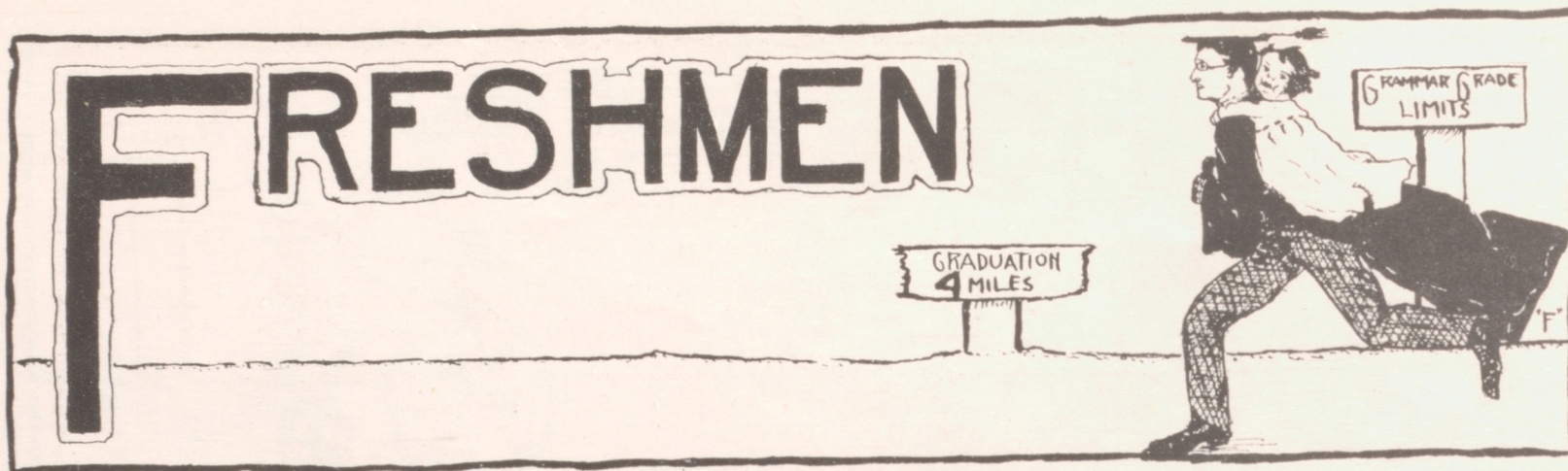
Low Sophomore Class

Officers.

President.....ROBERT BAKER
 Vice-President.....LOES SHARP
 Secretary-Treasurer.....NEAL LAIDLAW
 Class Editor.....MARGARET TEMPLE

Celebrities.

"Pot" Baker, "Joe" Palmer, "Ken" Lynch—As yet, the unbroken triangle.
 Grace Bradford—Who prefers the stage to a "settled down," married life.
 "Brick" Morgan—Who saves "Nick" considerable time by furnishing heat in all the classrooms during the winter.
 Merrill Brown—The infant prodigy of the class and pet of all the faculty, except Mr. Marshall, the only one who knows how to run him.
 Loes Sharp—Pride of the class and "shark of all things."
 Fuzzy Watson—That was—the baby doll and Parisian model.



High Freshman Class

Officers.

President.....HAROLD LARKIN
 Vice-President.....MYRTLE LEONARD
 Secretary.....WILLIAM JACOBS
 Class Editor.....NORMAN WEEDEN

Celebrities.

Burton Wilcox—The freshman girlies' delight.
 Harry Etter—Hunting for a doll to occupy the front seat with him. Girls, here's your chance.
 Clyde Lamborn—The second Sutherland.
 Donald Lum—Alameda High's unofficial representative on the Board of Education.



Low Freshman Class

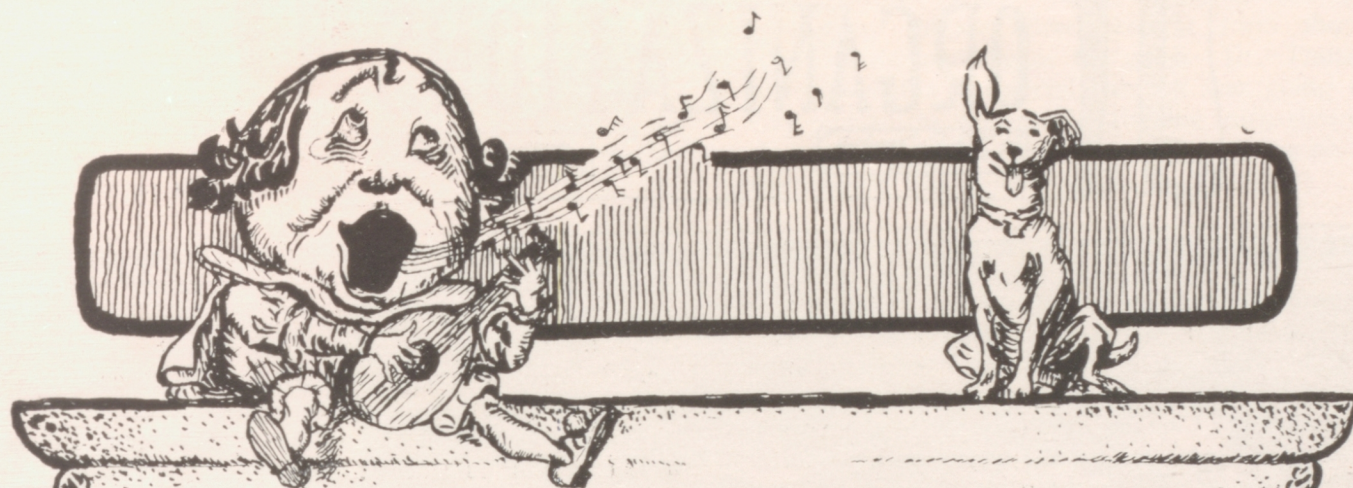
Officers.

President.....JOCELYN BATES
 Vice-President.....MIGNON HENRICI
 Class Editor.....MARJORIE SCOTT

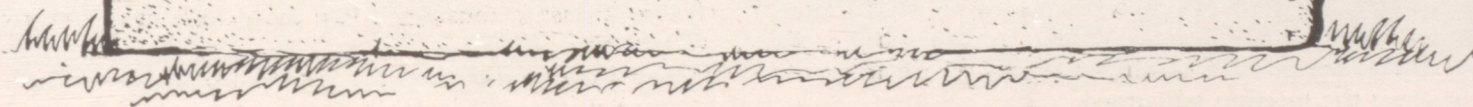
Celebrities.

Clarisse Sheldon, Ecky Bruton, Miriam Kearny, Anita Sheeran
 —Our future Raphaels, Nell Brinkleys and Harrison Fishers.
 Sherman Ashe—Our wonderful child author and poet. He expects to win renown as a Shortfellow.
 Mignon Henrici—The all-around athlete and champion tennis player. No doubt she will win several brass cups during her career.
 "Tiny" Bates—Our future varsity material. We are hoping that he will win a big name to make up for his smallness.
 P. S.—

If through these jokes you cannot see,
 A microscope will useful be.



SCHOOL NOTES



A decorative banner with a central rectangular box containing the word "ORGANIZATIONS" in a bold, serif font. The banner is flanked by stylized, vertical, leaf-like patterns on both sides, and the entire design is enclosed within a double-line border.

ORGANIZATIONS

THE MINUTES OF THE ASSOCIATED STUDENTS

The first meeting of Associated Students was called August 29, 1912, by President Larkin. A few remarks about school spirit were given by Miss Adeline Toye, and President Larkin. Dr. Thompson proposed some new ideas about athletics, urging everybody to participate. Captain Earl Gay urged the boys to turn out for football in order to win the championship. Later, Manager Curtiss Bradford gave the schedule of games. There were two musical selections which were enjoyed by the students. The first was a piano selection by Miss Frater, the second, a vocal solo by Miss Illa Smith.

Wright D'Evelyn spoke on the necessity of publishing an ACORN. There being no further business the meeting adjourned.

On September 13, 1912, an Associated Student Body Meeting was called by President Larkin. The purpose of the meeting being to arouse spirit for the football game between Alameda and Fremont. Captain Earl Gay invited everybody that had the price, to the game. Miss Hewett told of the clubs that had started. A recitation by Miss Combs was appreciated by everyone. A vocal solo by Miss Miller, accompanied by Miss Frater, was heartily enjoyed by the audience. Manager Bradford spoke again about the schedule of football games. There being no further business the meeting adjourned.

On October 3, 1912, an Associated Student Body Meeting was called by President Larkin. The Manager of the ACORN, "Ed" Joseph, asked the students to support the ACORN financially.

Manager Bradford spoke of the expenses connected with the Reno trip and asked students for a better support. A piano solo was rendered by Miss Frater, which was enjoyed by all. Dr. Thompson gave the team, which was going to Reno, a few cheerful words and bid them a hearty farewell. There being no further business the meeting adjourned.

On October 11, 1912, an Associated Student Body Meeting was called by President Larkin.

Miss Adeline Toye reminded all of the boat ride given by the Star and Keys. Mention was also made of the prizes offered for the best song and essay handed in by any student.

LeRoy Krusi, manager of the boat ride, explained full particulars about—The Time, The Place, The Price.

President Larkin reminded all present of the Berkeley football game.

Miss Hewett spoke of the wonders of the Camera Club and the increase in membership. There being no further business the meeting was adjourned.

On October 25, 1912, an Associated Student Body Meeting was called by President Larkin. The purpose of the meeting being to arouse enthusiasm for the debate, which was given at Washington school.

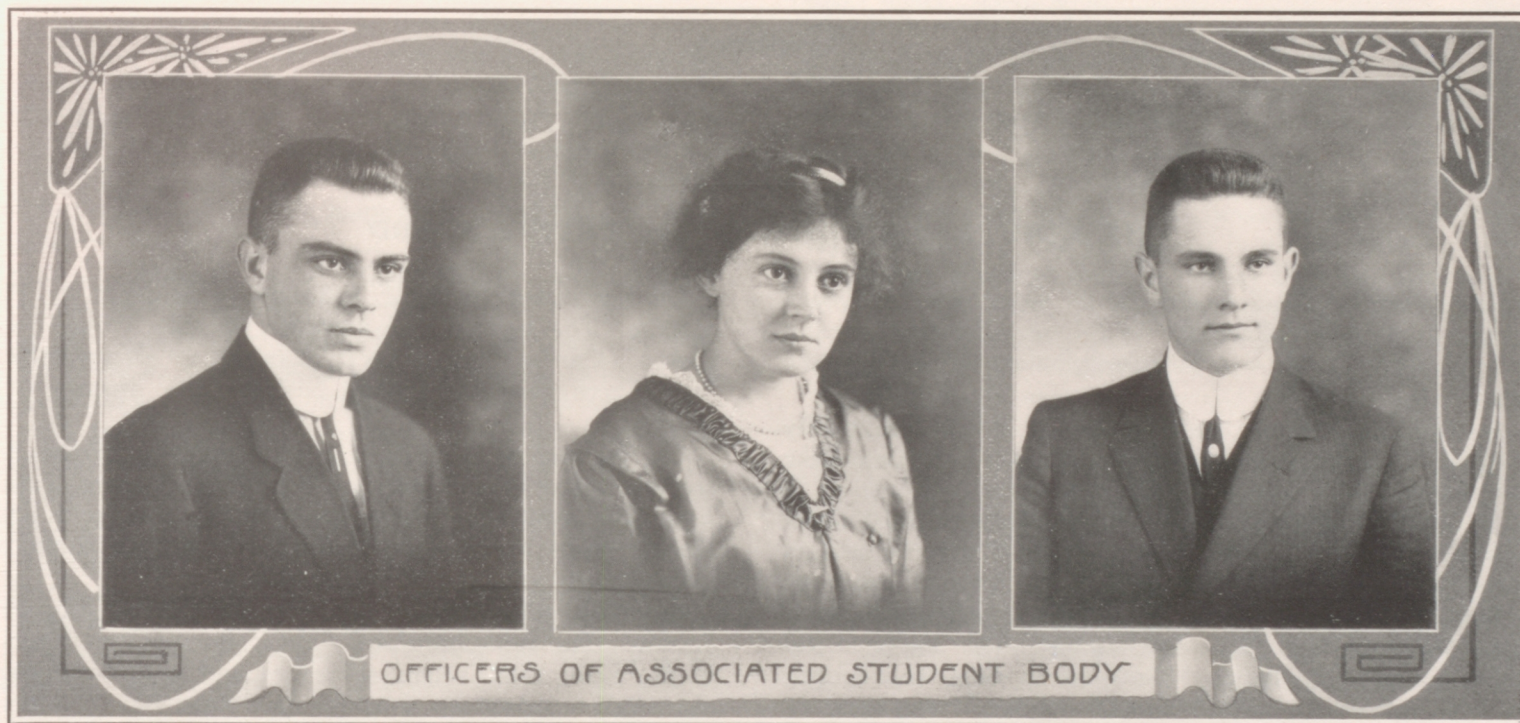
Dr. Thompson told of the importance of attendance.

Miss Adeline Toye asked for the support of the students.

Miss Berg spoke about the "Star and Key" boat ride, and assured everyone of an exceedingly enjoyable time. There being no further business the meeting was adjourned.

On November 6, 1912, an Associated Student Body Meeting was called by President Larkin. The purpose of the meeting was to arouse some enthusiasm for the Senior Play, "728." Wendall Hauch, Adeline Toye, Laura Wageman, Austin Eimer, and Ed. Barnes told of the various characters and asked for the support of the school. Miss Haworth expressed the appreciation of the support given to the class and thanked the students for the posters. Mr. Carlyle also mentioned various people in the cast and told of the expected treat. There being no further business the meeting was adjourned.

On November 8, 1912, an Associated Student Body Meeting was called by President Larkin. The importance of the meeting being to inform the student body regarding the details of the great Belmont game. "Ming" Bruzzzone told of the great need of support. Major Tildon brought forth the importance of "pep" in the winning of the game. Dr. Thompson then explained what a wonderful game it was going to be. Captain Gay praised the students for the fine spirit shown and asked for the same support in the future. There being no further business the meeting was adjourned.



Mendell Larkin

Adeline Toye

Jack Pearson

President.....MENDELL LARKIN
Vice-President.....ADELINE TOYE

Secretary.....JACK PEARSON
Treasurer.....MR. MINIUM

The Administrative Board

Committee-at-Large.

Dorothy Baun, Curtiss Bradford, Ila Smith, Wendell Hauch,
Earl Gay, Katherine Geldermann.

Seniors.

High.....Leslie Brown, Alex Baum
Low.....Eva Steele, Hans Lemke

Sophomores.

High.....Jean Sturtevant, Donald Pearson
Low.....Grace Bradford, Dean Perkins

Juniors.

High.....Dorothy Clemens, Winifred Branchfield
Low.....Charlotte Culver, Wm. Brewel

Freshmen.

High.....Norma Barz, Harry Etter
Low.....Ruth Howe, Linford Pearson

THE MINUTES OF THE ADMINISTRATIVE BOARD

On September 5, 1912, a meeting of the Administrative Board was called by President Larkin. As this was the first meeting of the term, many things were discussed, among which were the following:

It was decided that the student dues should be set at fifty cents (\$.50). All members on the staff of the ACORN were elected unanimously.

It was decided that the majority of the bills be paid. The fee for a football coach was thoroughly discussed and the amount of money per week was decided upon.

On September 10, 1912, a special meeting of the Administrative Board was called by President Larkin. The object of this meeting was purely athletics. Hans Lemke was unanimously elected manager of the second football team. There being no further business, the meeting adjourned.

On September 19, 1912, a meeting was called by President Larkin. The fees for the manager of the ACORN were discussed. Curtiss Bradford was unanimously elected athletic editor. There being no further business the meeting was adjourned.

On September 23, 1912, a regular meeting of the Administrative Board was called by Vice-President Miss Toye. As Reno Day was approaching, preparations for the reception of the boys were made. The Misses Leslie Brown, Katherine Geldermann and Dorothy Baum were appointed.

On October 1, 1912, a special meeting was called by President Larkin. Manager Bradford fully discussed the financial part of the Reno trip. Curtiss Bradford and "Shy" Seagrove were appointed to arrange a program for "Reno Day." Meeting adjourned.

Star and Key Society

LAST term the students of the previous term's Honor Roll formed an organization called the Honor Society. Although it was not heard or spoken of very much, nevertheless a good beginning was made. A constitution was adopted, officers were elected, and regular meetings were held. The officers elected were: President, Harold Sutherland; Vice-President, Adeline Toye; Secretary, Ruth Young; Treasurer, LeRoy Krusi. At one meeting Professor Monroe Deutsch of the University of California addressed the society, telling many interesting facts about the national honor society, Phi Beta Kappa.

One of the important events last term was a social gathering of the Honor Society at Miss Berg's home in Piedmont. The Honor Society extended a vote of thanks to Miss Berg for the interesting and delightful way she entertained them. Everyone had an excellent time, and all said the time passed by too quickly. The term ended with many plans to be completed next term for the good of the society.

For several reasons the name, Honor Society, was not satisfactory, so the honor students, at the beginning of this term took the name, Star and Key, as a suitable one to represent the society. They chose as their emblem a key with a star in the center of it, and for their colors they chose dark green and white.

This term the Star and Key started with great enthusiasm, as if they meant to accomplish a great deal. They elected for their President, LeRoy Krusi; Vice-President, Leslie Brown; Treasurer, Carlos Mundt; Recording Secretary, Audrey Spence; Corresponding Secretary, Kendrick Vaughan.

The first thing which the Star and Key did this term was to give a boat ride, and they elected for their manager, LeRoy Krusi. He ably filled the manager's position and made a great success of it. He hired the boat, Caroline, for the trip around the bay. The boat ride, according to those who went, was "some" boat ride, and all concluded it was one of the best, if

not the best, things given this term. The boat ride lasted from nine o'clock in the morning to five o'clock in the evening. The Star and Key wishes to thank those students who supplied the posters, for they were a great help.

Since the boat ride was such a success, it was decided to give the money which was left as prizes for the two best stories and the two best school songs to be handed in for the ACORN. The prizes were five dollars for the best story and two dollars for the second best; the same amounts were to be given for the school songs. Dr. Thompson, Miss Cohen, and Mr. Agard, who judged the stories and songs, say they are the best ever written for the ACORN, thanks to the Star and Key. If you read the stories and songs when the ACORN comes out, you will undoubtedly agree that they are the best you ever read in any issue of the paper or in any school magazine.

Very much "pep" has been shown at all the meetings, which, though long, some lasting over three-quarters of an hour, are very interesting. The attendance is usually between forty and fifty, a very excellent showing. Miss Berg has again asked the society to her home on Saturday evening, December seventh, for another social gathering. All the honor students are eagerly looking forward to that day.

As this goes to press, the Star and Key have under consideration the matter of providing good programs in the Assembly Hall during the latter part of the noon hour. The rainy season is at hand and many students who bring luncheon are at a loss as to what to do between half-past twelve and one o'clock. It is thought that if there is some entertainment possible at that time the students will welcome the innovation.

Many plans have been suggested for next term. So let everyone who has the privilege of membership in the Star and Key become an active member and help complete those plans, and keep up that spirit which is showing itself so well this term.

KENDRICK VAUGHAN

The Star and Key Boat Ride



CTOBER 26, 1912, was the day that the Star and Key Society of Alameda High had its great boat-ride around the bay. The morning was perfect, and at quarter past nine the Caroline started on the trip with about one hundred and twenty students, friends and teachers of A. H. S. on board. The boat was gaily decorated with flags and bunting; flying from the mast were two beautiful pennants, one dark green with a white star and key, the emblem of the society, the other a yellow and white A. H. S. pennant.

The three decks of the Caroline were all scenes of festivity. On the top and second decks merry groups gathered to play games and enjoy the scenery. From the lower deck issued strains of music, for a pianola had been placed there, and kind-hearted persons found enjoyment and exercise in pedalling out the music for the others to dance by. The dancing was by far the most popular amusement and was kept up steadily during the whole trip.

Luncheon was eaten at noon, each person having brought lunch; hot coffee was served to those desiring it.

The management had arranged with Captain Leal to stop at various points of interest. But as the boat could pass near enough to many places to permit everyone on board to get a

satisfactory view, no stops were made except at the Light House. Everyone climbed over the boat rail and found much that was interesting and entertaining in the inspection of the various rooms, the fog bell, the great lamps, and so on. Captain Leal took the boat very close to, and slowly by, San Quentin, the dry docks, the exposition site, the quarantine ships,—in fact no chance was lost to satisfy all on board. Not the least pleasing feature of the day was the famous story-telling of Captain Leal. The pilot's cabin was always filled with a much entertained audience.

The raffling of the pennants caused great interest and excitement. The winner of the Star and Key pennant was Walter Morgan, while the gold and white pennant stayed with the Caroline, the captain holding the lucky ticket.

The boat docked about five o'clock, and as they landed, everyone expressed his great enjoyment of the trip. It was the Star and Key's initial undertaking, and everyone who went or who heard anything about it can testify to its tremendous success. LeRoy Krusi, Austin Eimer, and Weston Volberg are to be congratulated on their excellent management of the trip. Thanks are due also to Miss Berg, who kindly lent the society her aid in many ways.

LOES SHARKE.

The Camera Club

The first meeting of the Camera Club was held in Miss Hewett's room, October 1st. On October 4th there was a football game between St. Mary's and A. H. S., to which a party of girls took their cameras. Many good pictures were taken.

On October 5th the Camera Club had a dandy chance to use their cameras. There was a general invitation extended to the school to go to Mt. Tamalpais. Many accepted. They left Alameda early in the morning, and after taking a good look around the town of Mill Valley and deciding Alameda was the better

place, they walked up the steep mountain trail. On the return all but a few ran down the steep incline, as only Alameda students can do.

The following day Mr. McLaughlin gave a demonstration of developing films in a dark room.

One Saturday, a small party went over to Golden Gate Park with the intention of taking some pictures of geological formations. The trip was unsuccessful, owing to the disagreeable weather.

Up until this time Miss Hewett had been the overseer of the club. Now an election was held with the following results:

President.....G. GOLDTHWAITE
 Vice-President.....R. STANLEY
 Secretary-Treasurer.....S. MAULE
 Chairman of Trips.....G. GOLDTHWAITE

It was decided to hold regular meetings every Monday afternoon.

NOTES OF INTEREST FOR THE TERM OF JUNE, '12.

On February 5th, 1912, a Freshman Reception was held at the Adelphian Hall. Each Senior took a Freshman in charge and escorted her to the place of meeting. There was a very fine program, which the Freshmen enjoyed, and which consisted of the following numbers:

Welcome Address.....HELEN WILLKOMM
 Recitation.....JEAN STURDEVANT
 Song and Dance.....GRACE BRADFORD
 Recitation.....RUTH HUFF
 Song and Dance.....EUGENIA CLINCHARD

THE SENIOR BENCH

A few days later the Senior Bench arrived. Then began an interesting feud, which ended on the wood pile. The fate of the Bench can be attributed entirely to the stubbornness of the lower class boys in refusing to recognize the natural supremacy of the Senior men. A brief outline of hostilities runs as follows:

1. Bench arrives and Seniors lay down the law and proceed to carve initials.
2. Other initials appear on Bench, which Seniors remove in a manner at once dignified and firm.
3. A Freshman is found sitting on Bench. Seniors become peeved.
4. Initials of Seniors become mutilated. Peeved is scarcely the word to be used now.
5. Bench disappears.

Many interesting pictures of the U. S. Coaling Station were taken on the Star and Key boat-ride. Pictures were taken at the Reno football game at Recreation Park. With such handsome boys on each side, these pictures will undoubtedly be successes.

No doubt everyone has noticed "K²" on the boards around the school. That stands for Kamera Klub. If you wish to know more about it, you are cordially invited to come and join.

6. Bench returns. Initials are neatly replaced and Bench artistically decorated in colors. Seniors sit on Bench at recess. Mr. Marshall sees signs of return to barbarism in these Bench activities.

7. Seniors are too busy to guard Bench both night and day, so lower classmen sneak in at night and cut holes in it.

8. Class of June, '14 visits Bench at midnight and paints its name. Bench is found standing on end.

9. Senior Bench appears as kindling on the wood pile. Suggested epitaph: "After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well." We may further suggest that future Senior Benches be made of iron or concrete.

Before mentioning the events of this term, it will be well to recall a few happenings of last term. The spring term had many pleasant affairs, and it needed many, to make up for the one big disappointment—no ACORN.

OFFICERS OF JUNE '12 TERM

President.....FRANK POLLARD
 Vice-President.....MARGARET DENNISON
 Secretary.....MENDELL LARKIN
 Treasurer.....MR. MINIMUM
 Executive Committee—HARRY ADAMS, JACK PEARSON,
 ADELINE TOYE, HELEN FUNKE, CURTISS

NOTES OF INTEREST OF DEC., '12.

Now comes the excitement of this term. First of all was the Freshman Reception on September the sixth at Adelphian Hall. Each Senior, as usual, took a Freshman in charge, and to the best of her ability, saw that the newcomer had a good time. The reception commenced with a program as follows:

Welcome Address.....	ADELINE TOYE
Response.....	RUTH EUBANKS
Piano Solo.....	ZDENKA BUBEN
Recitation.....	MARGARET TEMPLE
Vocal Solo.....	ILA SMITH
Recitation.....	JEAN STURDEVANT
Reading.....	MISS BERG

A few words by Dr. Thompson in which he stated that this also was the "best class that ever had entered."

RENO DAY.

On November 1st, 1912, all students had the Reno Fever and it seemed to affect the boys more than the girls because it was noticed that the attendance was rather poor. The Reno squad was received with a hearty welcome by Dr. Thompson.

Owing to the kindness of the students, the Reno boys had a most enjoyable auto ride from Alameda over to the Berkeley hills, which caused them to decide that Alameda was the best city on the bay.

At noon time a luncheon was served by the Senior Girls in Miss Hewett's room. Speeches were made by the captains of both teams.

In the afternoon, a Rally was held in the Assembly Hall, at which every student was present. Major Tilden spoke of the various games he had seen and told of his great enjoyment of them.



The Belmont Rally

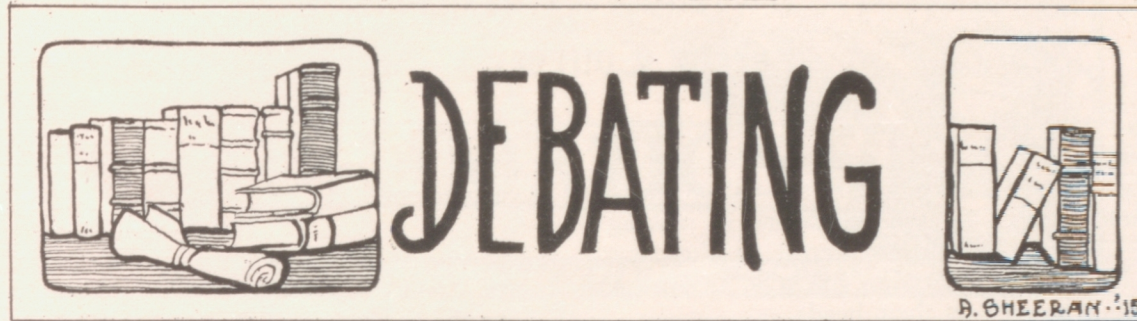


It was on Monday, November 18th, after the famous game on the previous Saturday, when Alameda scored 8 to Belmont's 0, the best serpentine and rally ever held was witnessed. An enormous serpentine of boys and girls wiggled up Central Avenue and down Park Street, then over to the City Hall. "Daffy" Durney, our capable yell leader, called for cheers for various of the Alameda notables. Mr. Magagnos, the famous photographer, took pictures of the serpentine. After serpentineing up and down the main streets for about three-quarters of an hour and giving vent to their enthusiasm and "pep," the students returned to the assembly hall, where a Rally was held, which will always be remembered. Adeline Toye, our vice-president, took charge of the meeting. Dr. Thompson, being the first on the list of speechmakers, praised the fair and clever playing shown by the members of our team against the heavy players of Belmont.

The students next enjoyed a talk from Mr. Wood, who expressed his regret at not being able to attend the game, owing to a "previous engagement with Mrs. Wood." The unheard-of happened next. Our friend Mr. Cohen, from the Porter School, expressed his opinions on the game and the Belmont giants. Rev. Mr. Mears, whom we are always glad to hear from, told us how he had gotten mixed up in the serpentine and so couldn't resist the temptation of coming to the rally.

The members of the team who were lined up around the wall on the stage anxiously awaited the time when they were called upon to make their orations of several words. At last their time came, and it is very fortunate that the table was strong enough to support the speakers. The boys showed great team work in their choice of topics. One poor, worn out topic stammered out by the eloquent orators received an "awful beating." The beautiful style in which they "tackled" their chairs upon finishing their declarations demonstrated the quality of "Lou's" coaching.





DUE to the interest aroused in the Oral English class and the stimulus given by the active aid of the faculty, debating has enjoyed a prosperous year. Many class debates were held and an inter-scholastic contest was fought.

On Friday evening, the twenty-fifth of October, a debate on the question, "Resolved, that the tenure of office of the President of the United States should be extended to six years and limited to one term" was given at the Washington School Auditorium between the Alameda and Berkeley High Schools. Alameda had the negative and was represented by Mr. Mundt, A. Toye, Mr.

Aiton; Mr. Gilliland, alternative; while the Berkeley team was composed of Mr. Cunningham, Mr. Hambly and Mr. Frazer. Berkeley was awarded the decision after a close contest. Having no regular society or team, Alameda did remarkably well. The debate was well attended and the interest shown in the outcome was good, which argues well for the future.

The prospects for next year are bright, and with the Oral English class developing new material we may safely predict the forming of a society and the adequate representation of this side of our school life.

ARTHUR AITON



New Courses

During the past year Alameda High has shown the progressive movement in education by offering several vocational training courses to its students. "Book-learning" as the only form of education has been supplemented by practical work in making useful and beautiful things. By their interest in the new courses, the students have shown that they are glad to have a chance to use their hands as well as their heads.

Among the new courses are the following:

CABINET MAKING.

The class-room for this course is a work shop fitted up with all modern appliances, such as band-saws, circle-saws, lathes, etc. Here the student first draws his work to scale, then turns it out, and finally calculates the market-price of the finished product according to cost of material and amount of labor expended. The kinds of wood and their source of supply are also studied. This course is of great value to students who will have anything to do with tools. The school at large has received practical benefit already in the form of book-cases, cabinet-shelves, drawing desks and drawing boards.

SEWING.

A registration of fifty-five girls (no boys have as yet entered the course) shows that the work in sewing is in demand. The girls do not merely sit on a cushion and sew a fine seam. They trace the history of costumes; they study fabrics, their source, manufacture, cost and uses. In the neighboring department stores the girls get practical experience in buying dry-goods and in getting what they want despite of the clerk. Then comes the transformation of the goods into anything from a dish-towel

to a dress. Not only is the use of the patterns on the market taught; but the girls cut their own patterns from individual measurements.

METAL WORK

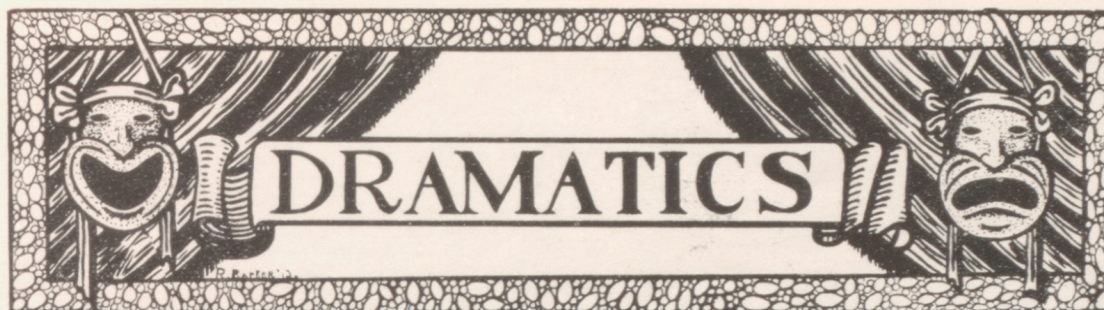
At the beginning of the Spring 1912 Term a new course was added to the curriculum of the Alameda High School, viz., hammered copper, which has been very popular with the applied arts students, who are interested in making useful as well as artistic furnishings for their homes. The beginning class consisted of an enrollment of fifteen students and the results of their work was exhibited in a glass case in the main hall of the school at the close of the term.

The course consists of designing, surface development, cutting, piercing, riveting, and embossing of the sheet copper, as well as raising the copper from the flat, soft soldering, finishing, and coloring. The above processes are learned in the making of desk sets, book rests, bowls, trays, suit-case tags, paper cutters, calendars, bag buckles, hat-pins, dinner gongs, sugar tongs, napkin rings, watch fobs, spoons, drawer pulls, pad corners, card trays, flower holders, stamp boxes, belt buckles, and many other articles of use and beauty.

The present class numbers fifteen. Several of the students are producing handsome work in tooled leather, which they intend to combine with the copper in making book-racks and letter-racks.

The metal course is a supplementary course in the Drawing Department, and students registering for it are expected to have had some previous work either in Design or Mechanical Drawing before taking up the subject.

WM S. RICE.



During the past year, Alameda High has kept up her usual high standard in dramatic productions. What she can do along the line of extravaganza was shown in the presentation of "Ship Ahoy." This piece was successful both artistically and financially; the school winning much praise and clearing one hundred and thirty dollars. During the same term the Class of December, 1912, produced "Christopher, Jr.," a difficult play, but most cred-

itably performed. This term "728," a play put on in New York by John Drew, was the offering of the Class of June, 1913. These plays show the standard of dramatic work that Alameda High has undertaken. Along the lines of minstrel show and vaudeville, the school has done little or nothing, if we except the few acts given by the students at the Reno show. Here is an untried field, one that may prove profitable at some future time.

"Ship Ahoy"

The extravaganza "Ship Ahoy," which was given January 26-27, 1912, under the direction of Mr. Fred Carlyle, with Curtiss Bradford as manager, was a great success. The cast of characters was as follows:

Col. Mapleson.....	IRVING CULVER
Mlle. de Kakiyak.....	JEAN VAUGHAN
Mlle. de Cogniac.....	FLORENCE MILLER
"Sydney Ayres," a leading man.....	HAROLD JACOBS
Lucy Vere de Vere.....	HELEN FUNKE
Christie.....	KENDRICK VAUGHAN

Mrs. Jones.....	ANITA ROSS
Lola.....	KATHERINE PEARCE
Katrina Hogenheimer.....	GRACE BRADFORD
Specialty Artists.....	ILA SMITH, PAUL FRICK
Captain Juggins.....	LEROY KRUSI
Lieut. Ruggles.....	ILA SMITH
Bill Bobstay.....	DOMINGO BRUZZONE
Boatswain's Mate.....	CLAIRE SEAGRAVE
College Girl.....	ILA SMITH
Cowboy.....	CLEM SMITH



Scene from the Extravaganza "Ship Ahoy"

"The Reno Show"

On Friday evening, November 1, 1912, a football show was given at the Park Theatre, in honor of the Reno boys. The price of admission being only fifteen cents, the house at both performances was crowded. There was a splendid programme, of which the talent of Alameda High School took full possession. The programme consisted of the following numbers:

Piano Selection.....	M. Herspring
The Whistling Wonder.....	R. Canuaka
Recitation.....	E. Close

Reel of Motion Pictures.

Duett.....J. Ganer and J. Nickleson
Accompanied by M. Herspring.

Reel of Motion Pictures.

A "Would-be Skit"—"Ishi" Smith, "Grub" Higgins, "Daffey" Durney, "Ming" Bruzzone, "Gaby" Gay, and "Curt" Bradford.

Great credit is due "Shy" Seagrave and "Curt" Bradford, the managers of the show, for their diligent and faithful work.

The Senior Play "728"

By Augustin Daly



Cast of Characters

COURTNEY CORLISS, a gentleman of leisure, with a theory concerning boomerangs; employing his idle time in the pleasant pursuit of hunting a face.....WENDELL HAUCH

MR. LAUNCELOT BARGISS, a retired party, who becomes the victim of the inevitable, and is bound, Mазeppa-like, to his wife's hobby.....AUSTIN EIMER

PAUL HOLLYHOCK, his son-in-law, devoted to his potato beds, until the Tempter comes.....HAYWARD THOMAS

SIGNOR PALMIRO TAMBORINI, late Maitre de Ballet, Covent Garden, now on a mission and searching for an original.....LEROY KRUSI

POSTMAN, on his round.....KENNETH LOGAN

PROFESSOR GASLEIGH, inventor and founder of a refuge for the outcasts of the pen.....TRUMAN MILLER

JOBBINS, Hollyhock's farmer.....ELMER STONE

MRS. HYPATIA BARGISS, a lady possessed of ancestors, aspirations, and a hobby.....ADELINE TOYE

FLOS, the much sought "728".....IRENE WUERZ

DORA HOLLYHOCK, her daughter, with a grievance, and who becomes at once her husband's tempter and victimAUDREY SPENCE

JESSIE, with yearnings beyond her station.....LAURA WANGEMAN

The entire cast of "728" was chosen from the class of June '13 by Mr. Carlyle, whose competent coaching is well known to Alameda High. The actors were in the spirit of the play from beginning to end and carried the interest of the audience.

The stage settings of the play are the Bargiss' home in the country and later in the city. The appearance of Austin Eimer as Mr. Bargiss called forth the laughter of every one in the audience. Adeline Toye showed a great deal of talent in her ungrateful part of Mrs. Bargiss. Irene Wuerz, playing the title role, pleased the audience by her ease and stage presence and manifest talent. The role of Mr. and Mrs. Hollyhock was well taken by Audrey Spence and Hayward Thomas, respectively. Laura Wangeman as the maid was very fetching in her smart costume. The leading man, Wendell Hauch, was admired by every one of his fellow students. A better person than Leroy Krusi could not have been chosen for the role of Signor Tamborini. His Italian accent, extravagant manner, and airy steps caused many laughs. Truman Miller as Professor Gasleigh had his adequate share in the comedy. Elmer Stone as Hollyhock's manager was a manly figure, and Kenneth Logan made an ideal postman.

Every one connected with the production deserves praise, especially the manager, Edwin A. Barnes, and his assistants, Wendell Hauch, Elmer Stone and Amy Whitney. Every seat was sold and standing room as well. The music was furnished by Russell Frank's orchestra and was appreciated by the students and audience.

EVA STEELE, '13.

Limericks of the Cast

There was a young actor named Eimer,
As a poet he sure was some rhymers.
When he went on the stage,
His wife, filled with rage,
Ran after him like an old timer.

Mrs. Bargiss, the mother of Flossy,
Decided she'd not grown quite mossy;
She would marry her girl
To a duke, or an earl;
And to her husband she surely was bossy.

Young Flossy, a maiden so fair,
Had a lot of most beautiful hair;
Corliss, it's a fact,
Kissed her twice in one act,
And the audience thought it was rare.

There was a young fellow named Corliss;
In courage Floss thought him quite flawless.
When he tried to defend her,
He broke his—shoe-string,
And everyone giggled morerless.

There was a young maid in the show,
To dances she did love to go;
For the actors, you've read,
She prepared a swell spread;
Did anyone say it was slow????

A farmer once lived, they called Paul,
Audrey Spence gave him quite a great fall;
When he talked about seed,
His wife said, "What I need
Is five of six kisses, that's all."

There was an old skinflint named Gasleigh,
He raked in the money quite fastly;
When asked "Whither his flight
With old Bargiss each night?"
He replied, "We see things quite ghastly."

"LeRoy in the play was just great,
And it certainly seemed to be fate
He was picked for the part
He took with such art,
That it's really beyond me to state."

You've all heard of Freddy Carlyle,
To him there is surely some style;
Although at rehearsal
He says things quite personal,
His cigarette we all like, and his smile.

Edwin Barnes was our manager's name,
As a "tight-wad" he won himself fame;
But he made us a mint,
And though he did stint,
We all think he makes J. D. look tame.

LEROY KRUSI.



HAROLD V. SCHMIDT - DEC. '11

Alumni Notes

My Dear Old Pal:

I just simply must write to you, for I haven't seen you for ages. Why *haven't* you been to A. H. S. Alumni reunions? I looked for you this last August and last spring, too, and you weren't there either time. I was so dreadfully disappointed at not seeing you there, because I always look forward to shouting a "Hello," at least, to all the old-time friends. When one is so busy, when it seems as though the day ought to have just twice as many hours, and one has to make every minute count, believe me it's quite a treat to go to a reunion and see all the old pals in a crowd. Do you know, it's some work to get up a meeting and send out all the hundreds of notices—and incidentally pay out some twenty hard-to-take-in dollars? Imagine, we had to sit up till two o'clock one morning addressing envelopes! We didn't mind, though—but then you of all people didn't show up! Where is all that pep, that enthusiasm you had, that loyalty for dear old A. H. S.? I know you've got it still, but come on and show it! Surely no one should think his obligation to the old school ceases upon his leaving it, nor should any one form the comfortable but dangerous habit of not meeting his obligations promptly. Do you know, I am looking forward to having the class of December '12 come within our circle. The Alameda Alumni Association is anxious to welcome them into membership and wants them to promptly declare themselves "still for A. H. S." Here's to them!!!

You have asked me about the "Loan Fund." Sad to say, it hasn't reached any wondrous proportions as yet, but it is growing. Some day, let us hope, in the very near future we'll have

enough capital so that we can leave it intact, and only draw upon the interest. That would be splendid. Here's something for which the Class of December '12 can work. Of course the annual dues of fifty cents, if paid by all, would alone swell the fund a bit. So, Seniors, here is your chance. By the way, I don't believe you know who are the officers for this year, so here they are:

President.....	DR. J. K. HAMILTON
Vice-President.....	IRMA FOVEAUX
Secretary.....	GEORGE MAWEDEL
Treasurer.....	HOWARD FASSETT

Well, how's life been treating you? Have you heard the latest? About the quiet, beautiful marriage of Norman D'Evelyn and Hazel Naylor, '10, and that they are living in the coziest place in Stockton? My, but I was surprised when Heath Angelo, '09, and Elizabeth Glenn, the daughter of one of A. H. S.'s first graduates, "did the deed." And what a charming Mrs. Angelo she does make! And did you hear about the marriage of Helen White, '06, and Alfred Durney, Don Bailey, '07, and Jessie Burgner, '11, May Bissell, '06, and Dr. Channing Hall of Oakland, Evelyn Sherrad, '04, and Jesse Robinson, '03, and that Gerald Brooks, '06, and Grau Renner, '06, are enjoying married life in Seattle? And you ought to see the adorable little daughter of Mrs. Olsen (Genevieve Pattiani), and Mrs. Earl Scofield's (Marion Troy) tiny little daughter. Well, I must close this babbling. I hear whispers of a grand reunion for next February, so remember that—and here's hoping to see you there!

YOUR OLD CHUM.

ALUMNI NOTES FROM CALIFORNIA.

The alumni of Alameda High are amongst the most representative and enthusiastic "Californians" in activities and scholarship at the University. One has but to glance at the December, 1911, edition of the ACORN to verify this fact. Journalism, dramatics, social and politics—all receive the attention of our alumni at the State University.

Also, since the publication of the last issue of this paper, there have been about twenty names added to the register in the Recorder's office at U. C. of the class of December, 1911:

Robert Sherrard, at large, is a member of Chi Phi fraternity. He made his numerals on the freshman baseball team last spring.

Hazel Livingston and *Marguerite Mix* are enrolled in Social Science.

Anna Dodge (Delta Gamma) and *Katherine Westbrook* (Pi Beta Phi) are at present absent on leave, but expect to return next spring.

Fourteen out of the thirty-eight members of the class of June, 1912, were enrolled on August 16-17 at California Hall.

Ruth Edinger—Natural Science; is a member of Kappa Alpha Theta.

Gladys Eggers—Natural Science; is a member of Chi Omega.

Margaret Dennison—Natural Science; is a member of Pi Beta Phi.

Eugenia Vaughan—Natural Science; is a member of Pi Beta Phi.

Mildred Adams, *Marion Brown*, *Mildred Levy*, and *Dorothy Otis* are registered in Natural Science.

Jeanette Harbor and *Ethel King* are registered in Social Science.

Harold Levkowicz—Natural Science; is turning out for crew.

Harold Sutherland—College of Chemistry; is a member of Kappa Sigma Fraternity. He is turning out for work on the "Daily Californian."

Wade Macomber and *Albert Wagner* are enrolled in Natural Science.

ALUMNI NOTES FROM STANFORD.

S. M. Haslett, Jr., and F. M. Johnson complete their courses at Stanford University this Christmas. Both are members of Beta Theta Pi.

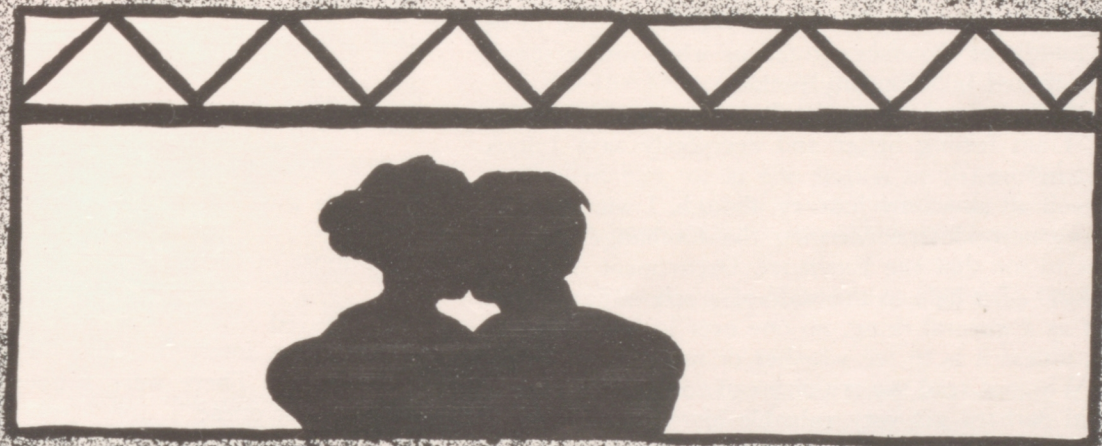
Miss Marjorie Emmons and Miss Jessie Hall are members of the Senior class. The former is a member of Kappa Kappa Gamma, while the latter is enrolled in Delta Gamma.

Miss Marjorie Haight is a member of the Junior class and of Delta Gamma.

C. T. Perkins is a member of the Class of 1914 and of Encina Club.

G. R. O'Connor entered with this year's Freshman Class and is a member of Beta Theta Pi.

EXCHANGES



Exchanges.

Well, I certainly have had a dandy trip and I surely am grateful to you Alameda High students for it. I was terribly surprised one day when President Larkin said to me, "Hello, ACORN, old fellow, I'm glad to see you out again. How are you? We certainly missed you last term."

"I'm feeling pretty well," I replied, "but I still think that if you students had been a little more willing to help me out financially, I would have been able to be here last term."

"Well, to tell the truth," Larkin answered, "we are beginning to think so, too. So we have decided to send you on a little trip, to get new ideas and to have a rest. We expect you to be back about the middle of December to tell us what you've seen," and he slipped a roll of bills into my pocket.

Surprised? Well, I should say so. But I went and I had a splendid time. I am feeling better and everybody says I look better than ever before.

Before I tell you all about my journey, though, I want to give you a few of my new ideas concerning the Exchange Department. It seems to me that the Exchange Department ought to be the biggest kind of a help to the staff of a school paper, and yet I think that as a general thing, no one ever looks at the exchange column, unless it is to see whether or not his own paper is mentioned. Why not read the criticisms of some other papers, too? You could perhaps get very valuable hints from them. I have noticed that the suggestions, approval or disapproval, are generally very carefully stated. It certainly won't do you any harm to look them over and it probably would do you good. In most of the papers, the Exchange Department is tucked off in some out-of-the-way place and is not deemed very important. How are we to know whether we are good, bad, or indifferent, if we are not allowed to compare ourselves with others? And isn't the Exchange Department the best means of this comparison? Why not give it a prominent place, then? I think the

editors of this department should realize their importance more and "with a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether," bring this department into the prominence it deserves.

I guess that's enough preaching. Now for my trip. I went to Portland, Oregon, first. It rained the whole time I was there, but I had a most interesting talk with the "*Lens*," Washington High School. He certainly showed me some dandy stories and poems, but the ads in front were disappointing. Why not have a title page? And why don't you dedicate the issue of the paper?

I visited Chico on my return trip and spent an interesting afternoon with "*Caduceus*," a splendid paper, with good stories and lots of them. But *Cduccus*, too, had no title page.

I made quite a stay at the University Farm at Davis, where *Agricola* gave me a good time. The cover design was certainly neat and appropriate. The stories were fine, but why not have more of them?

I enjoyed my visit at Fairfield immensely. *Megclat* is one of the most interesting fellows I met. His stories and poems were good. There were a good many cuts, but can't you get more clever ones?

I was sorry to have to hurry through these cities, but I wanted to attend a convention of High School papers about the bay, which was held at San Francisco last month. We met at the Fairmont and the session proved both interesting and instructive. We discussed topics and problems relating to school publications. I was asked to speak on "How to Persuade Students to Buy Copies of the Finals." I felt rather guilty, talking on a subject of which (judging from results) I know so little. But I bluffed

through and afterwards one of the delegates said to me, "I wish I came from a school where the support is as good as it is at Alameda High." I didn't say anything. I couldn't. I just smiled and determined to tell you.

During the convention I met *The Cogswell*, from Cogswell Poly. He is a fine fellow, but why not have a larger literary department and include some poems? Also, I suggest that you dedicate the issue of your paper.

I met *Cocoonut* from Manila and enjoyed my talk with him very much. You have such a small paper. Why not enlarge your departments? This would make a better appearance.

I saw a *Weekly News* from Berkeley High, too, a good, newsy little paper.

I was introduced to *Wilmerding Life*, Wilmerding High. The school and shop notes and the exchange department were good, but a larger literary department, more cuts, and title and dedication pages would improve this paper.

After the convention closed, I started out again. I visited *The Echo* at Lincoln and enjoyed my visit with him very much. The cover was good, being simple and giving name, date, and school. The literary department was extensive and good. Why not number all the pages?

Purple and White from Madera had no title page, either. I was glad to see so much poetry. Why not have more cuts and illustrations?

On the train, on my way south, I met *Green and Gold*. His stories were good and many, as were his poems. He showed me some clever cuts. But I couldn't tell what town he came from, until I looked through the ads and found Sonora most extensively advertised. Is Sonora your home town? Why not have a title page?

I met *Chaparral* from Standford University several times. Nuf sed. He was just as witty and clever as usual. He carried ads on the front of his coat, though.

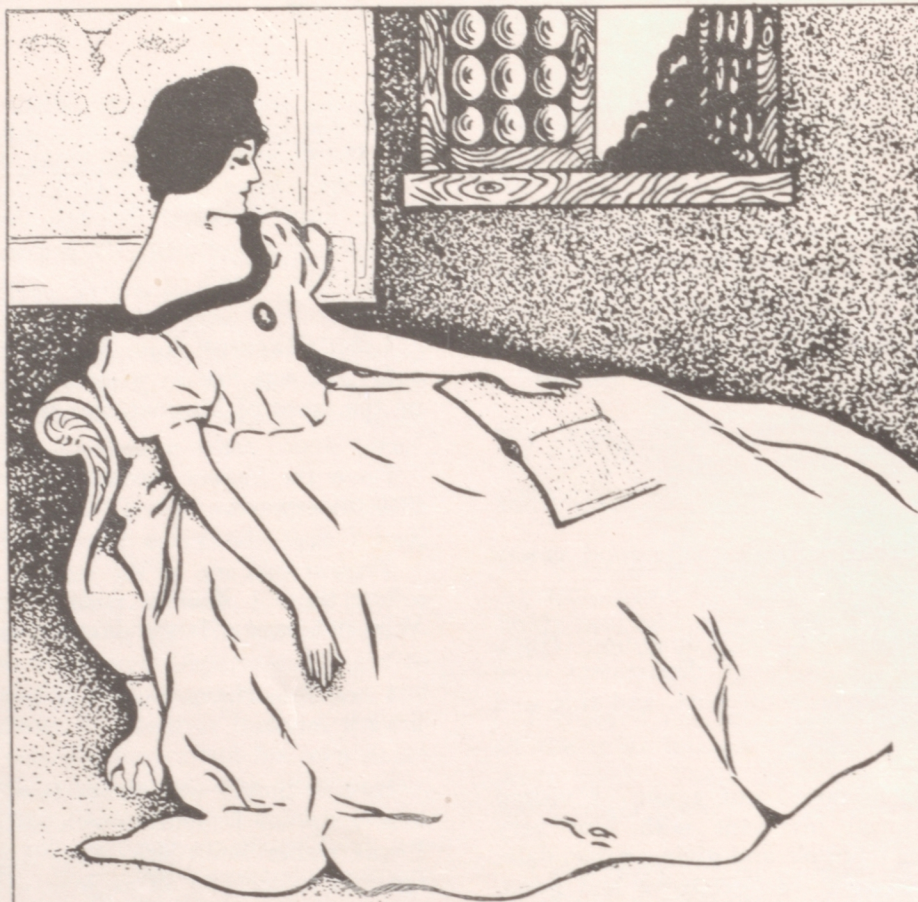
I saw the *School Herald* (weekly) at San Jose High, a clever little newspaper.

Trident met me at the station at Santa Cruz and gave me a fine time. *Trident* is an attractive, well-organized paper. Why not have a larger literary department, and some poems?

I saw *The Tattler* (weekly) from El Paso, Texas, and enjoyed it very much.

By this time I was rather tired of traveling and my time was nearly up, so I turned north once more. To be really honest, I was rather home-sick, too. I got in early this morning and came in to see you all as soon as I possibly could. I hope you will think that I have improved, for I assure you I have worked hard, as well as enjoyed myself. I appreciate your kindness and thought in giving me this trip and I hope that in future years, you will continue to show your spirit by giving your hearty support to your old friend ACORN.





SOCIETY

RUTH BARKER '12

"It certainly does seem good to have you back here again, even if it is only for the week end. I know you must enjoy college very much, but I bet you miss High School just the same, especially all the good social times you used to have. Thank goodness, I can still enjoy them, and I'm mighty glad that I still have one more term left.

"Come on up to my room and I'll show you all the programs and souvenirs I have collected this term. They are all arranged in order, so I'm going to start at the first one and tell you about each of them. Then you'll know exactly what we've been doing up at school this term.

"See this little bow of yellow and white ribbon. That's from the Freshman Reception, the one, you know, that we always give at the beginning of each term to welcome the incoming girls. These yellow and white bows were used this time to tag the low freshman girls, for you really must be quite clever nowadays to distinguish them from the others. Adeline Toye was chairman of the reception committee. A dandy program served to entertain us all, and when that was finished, we danced and had a general social time. Cake and lemonade was served and I'm sure the affair was a thorough success.

"Of course you remember this dainty green and white program with initials M and S on it. Do you think you will ever forget September 21st, when Dorothy Soule and Mildred Mallon gave their dance, one of the most original you and I have ever been to? The way they had Adelphian Hall decorated made me feel as if I were in some huge conservatory. The continuous supper was certainly an original idea on their part, and the way everyone enjoyed it! The orchestra was great, too. To my notion there is not a doubt that all of us on September 21st had one of the best times we ever had or ever hope to have. My, but I'm sorry those two girls left Alameda High, but I know that they are having a dandy time at Hamlin's School in the city.

"There is another day, September 29th, which, though I have no reminder of it, I know I never shall forget. It was on this day that Leslie Brown gave her boat ride on that wonderful yacht, Caprice. As I remember, those on board were Leslie Brown, Katherine Geldermann, Helen Funke, Dorothy Soule, Dorothy Hiller, Madeline Sanford, Ruby Standefer, Marion Murdock, and Bernice D'Evelyn; and these boys, Jack Pearson, Harry Adams, Wright D'Evelyn, Edwin Barnes, Harold Jacobs, Hail Funke, Wyndham Medcraft, LeRoy Krusi, and Merrill Brown. We were chaperoned by Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Brown. I certainly wish you could have left college, for I'm sure you missed one of the best times you could have had anywhere.

"Let's see what comes next. Oh yes. This light tan program with the little blue N in the corner. I'm so sorry you had to miss that grand dance of Helen Neal's on October 12th, but I remember you went to an inter-fraternity dance at the Home Club. You should have seen Adelphian Hall that night; you would have felt as if you were not in Alameda, but away off in some oriental palm garden. A row of palms was set out from the stage, which itself was one mass of green. An elaborate supper was served up in the banquet room, which was certainly a pleasant surprise to everybody. Helen is having a fine time now at Ransome's School.

"Don't stare so hard at that Reno pennant. I'll tell you all about the Reno luncheon now. It was managed by Amy Whitney, who was aided by Dorothy Warren. Miss Hewitt came to the rescue and let them have it in her classroom, and I tell you when the table was set and blackboards decorated, it really looked like a first-class banquet hall. All the girls willingly brought "eats" and with the aid of some of the ice cream stores, a dandy spread was given to the boys. Dr. Thompson and Mr. C. L. Mears were present. There were speeches on all sides. To me this luncheon seemed better than the one of last year, but then

the last thing usually does seem the best, so I can't be sure. That evening the boys were entertained at the Park Theatre by a vaudeville show arranged for their benefit by the High Senior Class.

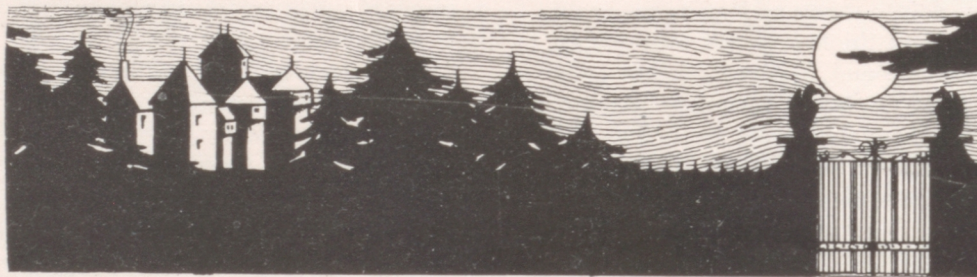
"The next evening, November 2nd, these Reno boys were given a dance at Adelphian Hall. The majority of the students were there, all making their greatest efforts to make their guests wish that they lived in Alameda, California, instead of in Reno, Nevada. Under the capable management of Shy Seagrave, and with the excellent music, afforded by the Russell Franc Orchestra, I'm sure the Reno boys were convinced of the good times they could have in Alameda.

"Of course you heard of the Cannibal dance. It was given by the Alameda Tribe at the brilliant and spacious ballroom in Scottish Rites Temple in San Francisco. You could not have wanted better music, and as for the hosts, they certainly proved themselves worthy of the title. There were about four hundred people present from Oakland, San Francisco, Alameda and

Berkeley. By their happy faces they all seemed to be having a dandy time. The evening certainly went quickly. It's too bad you couldn't have left college for just that one night.

"Oh, I mustn't forget to tell you what happened on November 8th, after the Low Senior Show. Laura Wangemann, now commonly known as Jessie, from her role in the play, entertained all the members of the cast up in the banquet hall to a dandy feed. There were a few others present, among them, Miss Hawthorth, Miss Berg, and Mr. Carlyle. After the supper every one danced and had one gay time. It was simply fine of Laura to give this finishing touch to an eventful and enjoyable evening.

"For pity's sake! look how dark it has gotten. Here I've been talking almost steadily for an hour and you haven't had a chance to get a word in edgewise. I suppose I've left out lots of other good times, but you have a general idea of the social affairs we still have at school. You begin right this minute and tell me all about the good times you have had out at college, and I promise not to say another word."



ATHLETICS



Athletics



WHEN the old American intercollegiate football was universally played, when the gridiron regularly resounded with the old familiar cries of "17-61-43"—"Hit that line!" and other yells known to students of past years, when the entire school turned out to witness the struggle of their beloved team in its battle for supremacy on the football field, then were the days when Alameda High School reigned supreme as the king-pin among preparatory schools in the state. The teams of that earlier period, especially after the earthquake of 1906, enjoyed the most enviable reputation in the state, and indeed, they were rightfully envied; for never in the history of any high school in this glorious California was such a succession of marvelous teams turned out as in 1908, 1909, and 1910. All three of these teams were undefeated champions with titles unquestioned.

With the introduction of the English game of Rugby, a change naturally came. Fortunately this change is rapidly being set aside for a better standard, one which will tend to restore the old accustomed championships which are still fresh in our memories.

The season of 1911, taking into consideration the fact that it marked the debut of Alameda High School into the ranks of the Rugbyites, was particularly encouraging and successful. The team was under the leadership of Captain William Howe, and was coached by Harold Fletcher, this year's brilliant breakaway for the University of California varsity. Although a few games were lost near the first part of the season, the percentage of games won so far outdistanced the percentage lost that the Alameda backers had a right to feel very jubilant and confident of sensational results in the future. For a team playing Rugby for the first time after having been a king-pin in the old game, Alameda showed surprising form, beating such stellar teams as Palo Alto, Lowell, Cogswell, Fremont, Oakland, Poly, Reno, and tying with Belmont. The game with Belmont was of particularly great

interest; first, because Alameda and Belmont always were the greatest rivals, and as Alameda had beaten Belmont the year before, the rivalry was unusually intense; and secondly, because it marked the initial season of Rugby for both teams.

Right here it might not be amiss to say a few words about Rugby. When it was introduced at Alameda High, Rugby, figuratively speaking, was relegated immediately to the ash-heap and was given enough time merely to "pass out" by the "wiseacres" and "hammer pliers." But experience and sound common sense, together with the showing of the Alameda pack, quickly put the "glooms" to rout, and the "joys" immediately took possession of affairs and have remained on the job ever since. Rugby seems bound for permanency in California. Why not put our best efforts foremost and get behind the team with undivided support, from the "profs" down to the most insignificant freshman?

This season of 1912 has been a great season for Alameda. Surely no one will disagree with me when I say that this year's team has more than upheld the high standard set for it by teams that are now things of the past but of undying memory. The team has been extremely fortunate in securing for its coach, Louis Watts of California, who, more than anyone else, can be credited with the splendid showing of the players. Captain Earl Gay has been an able and efficient leader, and surely is to be congratulated upon the splendid success he has attained as skipper of the Alameda boys.

Alameda at the present time is in a period of relaxation as far as track is concerned. There is apparently no interest in this form of sport, except that occasionally shown by one or two students. It seems a shame that such a school as Alameda, with its high standing in other sports, should be included among the "has-beens" in the track world. Why the school cannot develop some more material of the Macauley, Cummins, or Thorpe class, is difficult to comprehend. Let us sincerely hope that this branch

of athletics will cease to be neglected and will become a factor in school life, as it was formerly in the time of Lee Scott, Macauley, Thorpe, Cummins, Christensen, and Shattuck.

Baseball has always been a lively factor at Alameda High, and rightly so, considering that it is the national game. Last year's team did not startle the world by its brilliant playing, but it played good consistent ball that would have brought credit to any school. The school, however, apparently lost interest in its team—a bad state of affairs. Here's hoping that the lagging spirit will be prodded into wakefulness and energy, and that the interest shown in 1909 will return in redoubled amount. Alameda has been so long used to winning teams that Captain-elect Len Hollywood has a big task before him to assemble out of a meager number of veterans and a vast bunch of new material a representative team that will reflect credit upon the school as well as upon the city of Alameda. Let us show our sister schools, fellow students, that Alameda is still up and fighting on the baseball diamond, as well as on the football field. Here's success and good fortune to Captain Hollywood and Alameda High for the season of 1913.

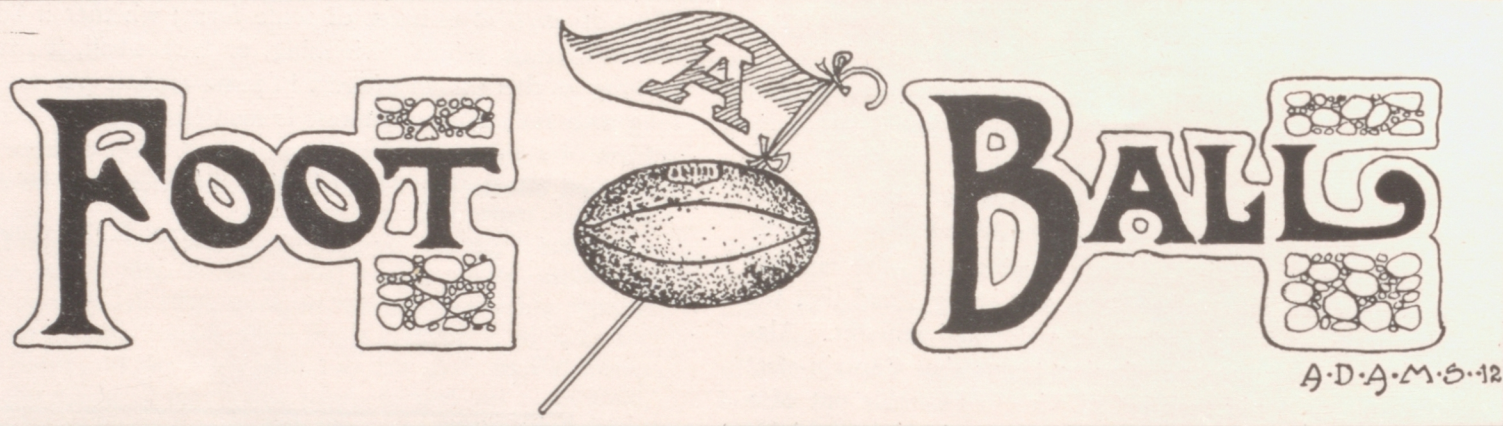
Leaving the baseball question, a much neglected, but vastly important branch of athletics suggests itself for comment. Tennis, heretofore considered an effeminate pastime, has suddenly leaped into prominence. Although the fact may not be universally known, Alameda High can boast of a tennis team that is not to be jeered at, but on the contrary, is to be honored. We all look forward to supremacy in this line as well as in the others.

Swimming has not been as actively engaged in as it might be, although what few swimmers there are in Alameda High are all of the highest class. Why shouldn't there be a serious interest taken in swimming, seeing that Alameda is fortunate in possessing natural swimming places?

In concluding, I urge upon every person in school the advisability of physical exercise of some form; whether it be football, baseball, track, tennis, swimming, or basket-ball, it matters not, so long as there is an interest in some athletic pursuit. Just as long as a real, serious interest is manifested, there is always the subject of a gymnasium to be considered. Let us hope that with redoubled efforts our desire in that direction may be realized.

CURTISS H. BRADFORD, '13.





THE LINE-UP

Front Rankers
BAUM AND AITON

Lock
TILDEN

Side Rankers
PEARSON AND CLAPP

Rear Rankers
HIGGINS AND SMITH

Wing Forward
SEAGRAVE

Half Back
GAY (Captain)

Inside Five-eighths
M. LARKIN

Outside Five-eighths
PERKINS

Center Three-quarters
BRUZZONE

Wing Three-quarters
HARDIN and COPELAND

Full-Back
H. LARKIN

SUBSTITUTES

Forwards
SHARPSTEIN
DICKINSON
D'EVELYN

Backs
VON SCHMIDT
EIMER
MEYERS

The Team



Games

Alameda 14, Alameda "Vets" 0.

Alameda played the first game of the 1912 season at Lincoln Park on Admission Day against a team composed of former high school stars. Some of these fellows had never played Rugby before, but as it was the first game of the season, not much form could be expected on either side. Alameda showed nearly an entire veteran team in the first half, but the new aspirants for the team were given a chance in the second half, some of them making a splendid showing. The "finds" were Higgins, Smith, and Myers. All the scoring was done in the first half.

Alameda 0, Fremont 0.

Alameda went up against the strong Fremont team on September 14th, and demonstrated its ability to cope with any school in northern California. It was the first crucial game of the season and to say that Alameda did well would be putting it mildly, at the very least. As Fremont had been playing for three weeks prior to this game, our boys could well afford to be proud of their showing. Ming Bruzzone, star of stars, played a sensational game and time after time was prevented from scoring only by the good work of the Fremont team, especially that of McCoy and Captain Weeks. Larkin, Captain Gay, Hardin, and Tildin, all played exceptionally well in this game, and the work of the scrum was a revelation. In this game Lex Baum, our veteran forward, sustained a severe injury to his knee, which troubled him all season.

Alameda 0, St. Mary's Varsity 0

In this game on September 21st, Alameda showed itself one of the strongest "prep" teams around the bay. Alameda played the St. Mary's first team simply off their feet, and the Catholic boys

were lucky to escape the ignominy of defeat. Although it was the varsity's first game of the season, Alameda's showing nevertheless was sensational and the team is deserving of much credit. Many new men donned their suits for Alameda, young Larkin, D'Evelyn, and Dickinson making the best showing.

Alameda 9, St. Ignatius 0.

It was simply a case of too much Alameda for the St. Ignatius boys. They were outclassed from start to finish, which tells the whole story. Bruzzone was all over the field at once, and Captain Gay played a sensational game at inside five, time after time breaking through the opposing line for a long gain. Pearson in the backfield also played a strong game. None of the tries were converted.

Alameda 38, Reno 0.

Our team traveled all the way to Reno and walloped the boys from the land of sagebrush to the tune of 38 to 0. The team work of our bunch was marvelous, the boys playing like so many well-regulated machines. Although Reno was outclassed, they made a valiant but futile fight and deserved to make a better showing.

With a delegation of twenty-three "braves," Alameda departed for the wilds of Reno, and speaking of royal times, why, from the time we arrived till the time we left, the Alameda team had one grand time, one which will never be forgotten.

Alameda fairly played Reno off their feet, and to say that any one person played star would be unfair to the rest of the team, for they all worked splendidly. The tries were registered by Larkin, thrice, by Bruzzone, twice, and by Seagrave, Pearson, and Smith. The feature of this game was the goal kicking of "Fat" Larkin, who converted seven out of the eight tries made.

The scrum played fine football and could not be denied their share of the victory. Alameda lined up as follows: Forwards, Baum, Aiton, Clapp, Pearson, Tildin, Higgins, Smith, Seagrave, Sharpstein; Backs, Captain Gay, H. Larkin, Von Schmidt, M. Larkin, Bruzzone, Hardin, Meyers, D'Evelyn, Copeland, and Brewer.

Alameda 5, Berkeley 8.

If ever a team deserved to win a game, that was Alameda, when they clashed with Berkeley on October 12th. Alameda outplayed Berkeley at nearly every stage of the game and at one time had the college town boys on the short end of a 5-3 score. This was Alameda's first defeat and it certainly was a bitter one, for the second try, registered by "Micky" Forbes, the Berkeley wing, was the "flukiest" play ever seen on these grounds, he crawling two yards over the goal line, after being fairly tackled by "Art" Copeland.

This was Captain Gay's first game at half-back and he showed the Alameda rooters some sensational playing during the sixty minutes of play. Larkin played well, as did Bruzzone and the forwards. It was mainly a forward game and it was in this department of play that Alameda shone. The try was made and converted by Mendell Larkin near the end of the first half after a pretty run of twenty yards.

Alameda 0, Oakland 5.

Alas, although we hate to say it, Oakland's strong fifteen defeated Alameda by a score of 5-0. The game was a very even affair, Alameda enjoying the honors of the initial half, and Oakland in the second half, when their try was made. In justice to Alameda, it may be said that a strong wind came up in the second half, making it nearly impossible to kick against, while the Oakland boys booted the ball sometimes for 60 yards in the wind. Gonzales registered Oakland's try, when the ball was kicked over Alameda's goal, the Oakland wing falling on the ball. Captain Gay, Larkin, Bruzzone, Higgins, and Smith starred for Alameda, while Gonzales and Captain Hanley showed up best for Oakland.

Alameda 17, Reno 0.

Alameda registered her fourth victory over Reno in two years before a large and appreciative crowd of rooters and football fans. The Reno "demons" came down from the famous little Nevada city on Friday morning, this being their return game with Alameda. The Reno team started out with the idea of wiping out their former defeats, and they surely did put up a different sort of game from the one they played on their own field. Larkin kicked off and the play was in Reno territory for nearly the whole half, although occasionally a big gain for Reno would take place. Larkin scored the first try, while Smith dribbled the ball over for the second try. The score at the end of the first half was 6-0. In the second half, Copeland at wing made two long runs of fifty yards each, the second one resulting in a try for Alameda. Trys were made by Smith, Pearson, and Seagrave in this half, the final score being 17-0.

Alameda 8, Belmont 0.

Hats off to the Alameda boys. They certainly did themselves proud in that memorable game with Belmont on Saturday, November 16, and all those "stay-at-homes" who missed that game can kick themselves for the next year. As an exhibition of Rugby and team work on the part of the Alameda boys, it was without an equal.

The large crowd present was not composed entirely of the stronger sex; the fair sex were certainly in evidence from beginning to end of the game. The old Alameda "Pep" was there, both in the players and in the spectators. When the two teams took the field at 11:00 o'clock, the tension was great.

Larkin kicked off, and the Alameda forwards, with a burst of speed, smothered the Belmont man before he had a chance to kick. Bruzzone made some dazzling runs, and Captain Gay was always in evidence, either stopping dribbling rushes or starting a passing rally, one of which resulted in a try by Bruzzone after the first ten minutes of play. Larkin converted an easy goal. Then once more, near the enemy's goal, the ball traveled swiftly

between Larkin, Bruzzone, Perkins, and Hardin, with the result that a second try was registered by Hardin. Larkin failed in the goal kick and the half ended with the ball in Alameda's territory. Score: Alameda, 8, Belmont, 0.

In the second half the Belmont boys fought hard, but were outplayed by the superior work of the Alameda bunch. Bruzzone made another run for thirty yards through a scattered field, but was tackled before scoring. The game ended with no further scoring.

Captain Gay played his usual splendid game and surely did himself proud on the day of his last appearance with a high school team.

Ming Bruzzone played his last game for Alameda and was, if anybody was, the bright particular star of the game.

Larkin, Baum, Pearson, Seagrave, Aiton, and Smith also played their last game, and they can feel a real satisfaction that they played the best game of their respective careers on this day.

A noticeable feature of the game was the playing of the young talent, including Perkins, H. Larkin, and Von Schmidt. These youngsters certainly did excellent work and are assured of success in coming years.

CURTISS BRADFORD.



Review of the Players

Captain Earl Gay has distinguished himself this season, not only by his clever playing, but by the spirit he has shown in his leadership of the team, both on and off the field.

In the scrum, Lex Baum was a valuable and dependable player with determination to "do or die" for Alameda.

"Deac" Aiton was our scrappy front ranker and with Baum and "Deac" lined up against the enemy, what chance did our opponents have?

About Charles Tilden, our big lock and captain-elect, not enough can be said. His ever-ready tackling and his fighting spirit deserve great praise. Here's success to "Chili" for next season.

"Cockey" Pearson was, as usual, a regular demon in defense and was one of the versatile men on the team, being efficient in the scrum as well as in the back-field.

Charlie Clapp was Pearson's working mate as breakaway and was always in the midst of the play.

"Grub" Higgins and "Ishi" Smith made a combination in the rear rank which was invincible. Time after time "Ishi" and "Grub" were seen leading dribbling rushes down the field.

Shy Seagrave, wing forward, when not crabbing at the referee, could be heard yelling, "Lost," "Wheel it!" etc., whenever occasion demanded.

"Fat" Larkin was certainly a star at inside five-eighths this season. He was just as good an offensive as a defensive player and his kicking was a feature of every game.

"Skib" Perkins played outside-five. Although this was his first season, this "whirlwind" acquitted himself magnificently, both in his speed and in his offensive play.

"Ming" Bruzzzone was the same old Ming. What more praise could be given him than to say that he played better this year than ever before? His work was the feature of the whole season.

"Andy" Hardin at wing surely was there with his long legs. They scored many a try for Alameda.

"Dick" Copeland held up his end at the wing, although "Joe Reno" Von Schmidt gave him a close tussel for his position. Copeland was exceedingly fast; Von Schmidt, on the other hand, was always there with the tackling.

"Bud" Larkin at full displayed splendid form and showed that "Fat" is not the only member of the Larkin family who is a star on the gridiron. This was his first year on the team, and to say that he made good would be putting it mildly.

The "subs" are not to be denied their share of glory. Sharpstein and "Zacker" Dickinson proved able scrum men. In the back field "Joe Reno," George Meyers, "Flame" D'Evelyn, and "Piker" Eimer were other good men, who could be used acceptably.



CAPTAIN EARL GAY.

Captain Gay enrolled as a freshman in January, 1909, and the following year he was a member of that 1910 championship team which defeated Belmont so handily after a wonderful game of American football. Last season Gay was a member of Alameda's first Rugby team and acquitted himself nobly at center three-quarters.

As captain of the 1912 Rugby team "Gaby" has occupied the position of half-back and his work has been a revelation to the old "stand-bys." He surely will be heard from on the Rugby field in the future. All agree that as captain of the team he is deserving of much credit for the able way in which he has handled his men.



COACH LOUIS WATTS.

All hail, Louis Watts, coach of this year's team!

It is due to the earnest and efficient coaching of Louis Watts that Alameda has made such a remarkable showing. "Louie," as the fellows all know him, hails from the University of California, where he played four years on the Varsity Rugby team, in the position of wing. He is considered the best wing ever developed at the State University. Alameda High has not been his first attempt at coaching, for under the instruction of the varsity coach, Shafer, he has picked a couple of freshmen teams. This season, from the scanty material on hand, Watts has developed a team that is undoubtedly the champion of the bay cities. We hope to have "Louie" with us again next season.



CURTISS BRADFORD.

The management of the football team with all its difficulties, was this term in the hands of Curtiss Bradford. Certainly much credit has to be given to "Curt" for the capable way he has acquitted himself. Due to his past experience with finance in the management of the two plays, "Ship Ahoy" and "Christopher Junior," the season has been one of financial success. Early in the season he published a schedule of the games which was one of the factors in the appearance of such large enthusiastic crowds on the fields, as the dates could always be kept open. Curtiss Bradford has always been prominent in all school activities, and has always shown true Alameda spirit.

ROOTING.

In my estimation the spirit has been tip top this year. The fellows who have turned out to the games have come through at all times and proved that one Alameda fellow can make three times as much noise as any ordinary person. There is not the least doubt that the Constitutional Convention inserted a spirit into the school as a whole which has lasted the length of this term. The question is, how are we going to keep it up? We can not have the Constitutional Convention every term, to be sure. Now, next term baseball comes along. Rooting at baseball games, from a player's standpoint, will bring more satisfactory results than at a football encounter. The football player is always in the fight and seldom has the opportunity to hear the cheering, such as the baseball man has. The baseball men have many chances to hear the encouragement of the rooters while on the bench. Then again we wish to show the spirit that we have been recognized for by the other schools. Having attended another high school before coming to Alameda, I am in a position to state what the opinion is of the other schools.

A peculiar thing also, is the great spirit which the freshmen show. While we certainly appreciate it, it seems queer that they should set an example to the older fellows. Of course their class is larger than the rest, but not so much larger that their attendance alone should cover the attendance of the rest of the school.

At any rate I wish to thank the fellows who have so loyally turned out to the games and rooted their hardest for the team to win. They were certainly repaid by our great victory over Belmont, and here is hoping that the teams in future generations will continue their winning streak.

RAYMOND DURNEY



A Ballard of Fair Play

Reno, far famed as the home of divorce,
Lay clad in a mantle of snow,
As train number three, amid shoutings of glee,
Arrived from the bay town below.

On alighting, the boys, with a great deal of noise,
The fame of their home city boasted;
But the cold in their throats made them button their coats,
And remark that they didn't feel roasted.

The courts, for relief of the grass widows fair,
Were the first of the sights to be seen;
And many then stated they'd like to be mated,
If the law would allow each a queen.

The long-looked-for time of the great game drew near,
And the boys were all wildly excited;
So brave Captain Gay did most hopefully say,
"We will soon have the enemy frightened."

Then out on the field the brave fifteen rushed,
Each man staked his life on the game;
And with many a goal did Copeland pay toll,
Through which he won honor and fame.

We battered the Democrats sixteen to one,
For thirty-eight nought was the score;
In spite of this fact, there were those without tact
Who said that we should have scored more.

But what a good time was in store for the team
On that memorable Saturday eve;
For each girl to be seen was a beautiful queen,
Which made it much harder to leave.

They all felt deep regret when at last they must say
Farewell to that fair Reno town;
And each hoped to be there, to do and to dare,
Next year for their city's renown.

RAYMOND SAYRE, '16.



Prospect for 1913

At the beginning of this season the chances for a successful team seemed very slim, owing to the loss of such high-class men as ex-Captain Howe, Slocumb, Beach, Pollard, and Von Schmidt. The inability to secure an efficient coach was very discouraging early in the season, but finally Louis Watts was secured.

Without doubt, his coaching has been the best ever seen in this city, and we certainly appreciate his work and give him

great credit for turning out such a team.

I want to take this opportunity to thank the fellows for their excellent spirit and willingness to work.

The outlook for the season of 1913, is especially promising, as there is good material in this school as yet undeveloped. I sincerely wish Captain-elect Charles Tilden a successful season in 1913.

EARL GAY



Under the direction of Captain Beach and Coach King Kelley the 1912 baseball team had a successful season. The team started out with only four "vets," but we had such material as "Gramp" Croll, "76" Johns, Hollywood, Stone, Branscheid, and others.

The team won every game except the Berkeley game, and we had that stored away until one of the Berkeley boys "fenced" a ball with two men on, thereby winning the game.

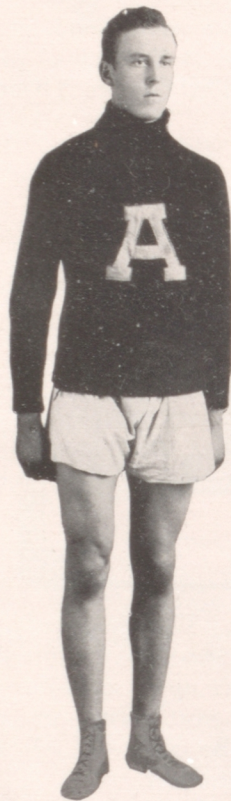
The baseball team has not had the support, financial or otherwise, of the school for the last three years. It is about time that the school stood behind the team. They have not had new suits for three years and last season they were called "The Mis-

fits," by opposing teams. They had to buy their own bats and were allowed only one dozen balls for the whole season. This is not Alameda spirit. It is up to each one of us to get back of Captain-elect Hollywood next spring and help. There is much material in the school. So come out fellows, and boost. Get a team that we shall be proud of.

The line-up for the season was: Captain, Beach; Branscheid, Brewer, (p); McGuire, Pollard (c); Seagrave, (1st b); Hollywood (2nd b); Croll (3rd b); Jones (ss); Gay (l. f.); Stone (r. f.); Brewer, Branscheid (r. f.).

SHY SEAGRAVE.

TRACK.



Track work, without doubt, is the most grinding and monotonous of all forms of athletics, and it takes perseverance and pluck to stick to it and to become a point winner in the big meets. But on the other hand when a person gets to the top in track work, it is entirely by his own efforts and grit. The two striking examples of stick-to-itiveness in track are Thorpe and Shattuck. It took two years of the hardest kind of training for them to become point winners.

The track team this term has hardly been a representative one for a school of this size, having only six men on it. The fellows that fought for Alameda on the oval were: Dean Perkins, Charles Clapp, Randolph Sharpstein, Alfred Powell, and Andrew Hardin (captain). This bunch have worked faithfully in spite of the lack of support given them by the students, and have shown that Alameda still can WIN.

"Andy" Hardin has done more this year in track than any of the other fellows, being sure of first or second in the broad jump and high jumps. He is a good jumper, but ought to practice more, as in almost every meet he has fouled on some of his best jumps. This is an easy remedied fault, and since he is a '13 man, he has still one year ahead of him and ought to graduate a star. Hardin captured first place in the B. C. A. L. in the broad jump with a distance of 21 feet 2 inches, and second place in the high jump with a height of 5 feet 8 inches. Hardin also represented Alameda at the California and Stanford Interscholastics.

Dean Perkins and Charles Clapp entered the B. C. A. L. and both showed up well.

It is hoped next term that everybody not in for baseball will turn out for track and make the season a success.



When an athlete of Alameda High School is awarded his block A after having been a member of some championship team, that athlete is to be congratulated and honored for having so distinguished himself. A block letter is not an every-day affair and it is not cheaply or easily earned, but when an athlete plays four seasons on some team, or has participated in winning events for four years, working faithfully for his Alma Mater, that man is surely deserving of all the credit and glory that can be bestowed upon him.

The first man to be so honored was Byron Paul, who played quarter-back in '03, '04, '05, and was captain in '06.

Edward Macauley, the next in line, is the only track representative, having secured his emblem by winning his event four years in succession, and at one time holding the coast record in both the 220 and 440-yard dashes.

Emil Bruzzzone received his four star A after four years on the football team. He was a member of the 1908 team, which captured the state championship and he captained the 1909 team, which repeated the performance of its predecessor.

Charles Kiser, the popular baseball and football player, is the only member of the select society who has accomplished the feat of receiving a four star A for both football and baseball. Kiser

was on two championship teams and captained the great team of 1908. He was also a member of the baseball team that in 1909 defeated Cogswell for the A. A. L. championship.

Edwin R. Anthony, Jr. was the next man to receive the much-desired emblem. He played four years of splendid football, playing on three championship football teams.

Charles Murphy followed, receiving his emblem after four seasons on the baseball team at the difficult corner. "Murph" was captain in 1910 and his place on the team was exceedingly hard to fill after his departure.

Edward Seagrave also received his four star A in baseball, and it will be remembered that Ed helped to save the game for Alameda against Cogswell for the pennant in 1909. He captained the team in 1911.

Domingo Bruzzzone, the latest acquirer of a four star A, played four years at football, three of these seasons being spent on championship teams. Ming captained the 1910 team, champions of California, who defeated Belmont in that memorable game when Belmont was defeated for the first time by a prep school team. Ming is still with us this season and is playing his usual consistent game.

BASKET BALL

R.B.

Someone has said that a woman is an eternal puzzle. At Alameda High, girls' basketball runs a close second for the honors. One term of interest and enthusiasm will be fine, the girls will grow really cheerful, the outlook for the future will be most promising, and when that future comes, it brings--nothing.

For some two years now, we have endeavored to start a girls' basketball team, with varying—I was about to say success—but even the most optimistic person would hardly call our most favorable results, success. We have fooled long enough; the question must be squarely faced. Is Alameda High to have a girls' basketball team? I do not ask if we should have a team, for every fair-minded, up-to-date person realizes that athletic training and practice is as necessary as mental training. For a healthy mind without a correspondingly healthy body is of little value. These same persons agree, also, that the training is as beneficial to girls as to boys.

At Alameda High, at present, there is absolutely no such training for the girls. The principal games open to girls are basketball, tennis, folk-dancing, and indoor baseball. Tennis has been tried, with more discouraging results than basketball. Folk-dancing requires a suitable place, which we have not. Indoor baseball requires a special place. Basketball has seemed, in the past, the most suitable game and the one which the majority of girls preferred.

Surely, in a school of this size, there must be (and we know that there is) excellent material for a fine team. There must also be plenty of interest in the game (and we know that there is). Why, then, is basketball a failure? The chief reason is because we have no suitable place in which to play. Our court, although well laid, is in the way. The girls cannot play on that court without interruptions. And anyone who knows anything about practicing knows that interruptions are fatal. Why can't we have a gym? Other towns with fewer people, smaller schools, and lower assessed valuation, can afford gymnasiums. We would like to know why Alameda cannot or does not give her students an equal chance.

Last term the girls grew tired of waiting for the school or the Board of Education to help them out, so they helped themselves. They hired a coach (whom they themselves managed to pay, with the very kind aid of two of Miss Berg's classes, who gave them money) and started to practice in real earnest. The results were fine. We had a splendid team considering the "almost raw" material with which our coach had to deal. We played only two important games, both of which were played with Lowell. In the first game (in San Francisco) our girls put up a better game than in the second. At the end of the first half we had the big end of the score. In the second half, however,

the Lowell girls "got together" and brought the score up to 25-21 in their favor.

The second game, played on our court, was on rather an unfortunate day. It came on the afternoon of the last day of our "Constitutional Convention," and we were all hot, tired, and nervous. The girls certainly appreciated the spirit and backing given them by the students. It did seem good to have the fellows cheer for us and to see the girls on the side-lines. During the first half and most of the second, it looked pretty bad for

Alameda, but in the last few minutes of play, our girls made a "rush" and managed to be beaten by only two points. A great deal of our success is due to our coach, Miss Asher, who was untiring in her efforts, and who, early in the season, won her way into our hearts.

This year, owing partly to the shortened term, and partly to the fact that it is practically impossible to play on a court which is generally wet, the girls, although they reorganized, have not turned out for practice, but next term——?

Tennis

The prospects for tennis looked very bright at the beginning of the term. About sixteen of the boys founded a club and elected Truman Miller, manager, and Winthrop Branscheid, captain. Regular turn-outs were held three times a week at Lincoln Park and there seemed to be lots of spirit.

On October 19th a tournament was held with Oakland High at the Fifth Avenue Courts in East Oakland. T. Miller and W. Branscheid played the singles for Alameda, and P. Hollywood and W. Branscheid, the doubles. The results were as follows:

A. Kroeger beat W. Branscheid 7-5 6-4.

E. Breck beat T. Miller.

A. Kroeger and E. Breck beat P. Hollywood and W. Branscheid 10-9 6-3.

This was Alameda's first tournament, and although we lost everything, we at least made a good showing, for the score shows that the games were close.

After the tournament the club broke up because it was unable to secure any further support from the Executive Committee. This is a lamentable fact and should be remedied.

The prospects for next term are good, for in A. Chattock and W. Ruddell we have two "comers." With these and with Branscheid and Hollywood still at school and with a little more help from the Ex Committee, no more could be desired.

Swimming

Swimming has been hardly a live issue in Alameda High for the last few seasons. All athletic energy seems to be spent in football and baseball. Alameda, with its natural advantages, ought to turn out a first class swimming team. We have the swimmers already. In the spring term at the B. C. L. meet,

Alameda scored three points through the efforts of Harold Jacobs.

It needs only a little organization among the swimmers in school and a little interest on the part of the students to bring Alameda into the front in aquatic sports, as she is in other forms of athletics.

JONES



ED-BARNES-13

Joshes

Shake not your head and say, "Oh, what a bore!
These jokes are stale—I've heard them all before."
Though these ideas as old as Adam be,
Their dress is new,—if you have wit to see.

Freshman to "Daffy" Durney, (after reading notice on junior board to "pay your dues to Clapp")—Can't you clap at the meetings unless you pay your dues?

Miss Ford (in Zoology)—Who can describe a caterpillar?
Dutch Lemcke—It is an upholstered worm.

Alonzo Barnes, (talking to the porter on the train that carried the Football Team to Reno)—Can I give you anything, porter?

Porter, (with expectant look)—Whatever your generosity permits, sir.

Barnes—Well, fellows, let's give the porter three cheers.

"Lob" Baum—Did your watch stop when you dropped it on the floor?

"Cockey" Pearson—Sure, did you think it would go through?

One night when Ming Bruzzone was calling, he was asked to sing. Very thoughtfully he said he was willing, but as it was so late, it might disturb the neighbors next door.

"Oh, never mind the neighbors," said Dot Baum. "It will serve them just right. They poisoned our dog last week; we want to get even."

"Chili" Tilden had just two minutes in which to catch the train to Reno. "Can't you go faster than this?" he asked the street-car conductor.

"Sure," the bell-ringer answered, "but I have to stay with my car."

Miss Hewett's room was decorated with many beautiful paintings at the Reno luncheon. Dr. Thompson was called upon to respond to a toast. Wishing to pay a compliment to the girls who had made the luncheon possible, he designated the paintings with an eloquent gesture and said, "What need is there of these painted beauties when we have so many with us at the tables?"

Miss Haworth, to Jake, after a week's absence—Why have you been absent?

Jake—My ankle was hurt.

Miss Haworth—A very lame excuse, indeed.

Hauch—Lend me half a dollar and I will be everlastingly indebted to you.

Abird—Yes, that's what I'm afraid of.

If Higgins could whistle would he show Ruth Howe?

Our Alphabet

A stands for Austin Eimer,
An actor of great fame,
A also stands for someone else,
But this time it's a dame.

B stands for Barnes and Bradford,
The difference being that
One is tall and skinny,
The other short and fat.

C stands for Connie,
She wants the world to know
That never mind what else she is,
She cannot be called slow.

D stands for the D'Evelyns,
A most delightful pair.
One of them is very dark,
And the other has red hair.

E stands for Everyone
Who reads this little rhyme;
The meter it is wonderful,
The feet they are sublime.

F stands for Fat Larkin,
Our president so grand;
We love to watch his dimples,
As before us he does stand.

G stands for Miss Garretson,
A teacher of renown;
She goes each year to Europe,
To procure a Paris gown.

H is for Grub Higgins,
Whose ideal is to be tough;
He and brother Southy
Are surely the real stuff.

I stands for our Ishi,
Who went out to U. C.
But college was too slow for him,
So he said, "Alameda for me."

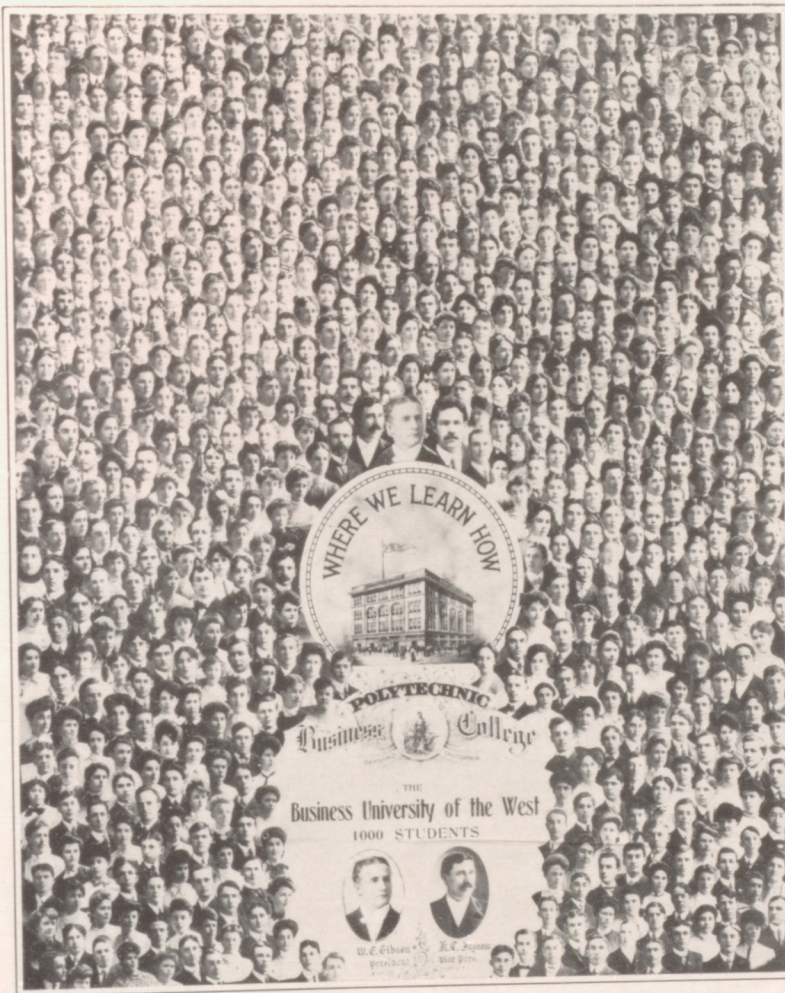
J stands for Jack Pearson,
A pretty little boy;
And when D—sees him coming,
She sings, "Oh, joy! Oh, joy!"

K stands for L. Krusi,
Of him you've surely heard;
Whene'er they see him coming
The whole school yells, "A Bird."

L stands for Lucille;
She goes by a color scheme,
And they tell us that's the reason,
She usually wears green.

M stands for T. Marshall,
Our Texas Tommy Teacher;
You often think when in his class,
He should have been a preacher.

N's for Noy and Nellie Schmitt,
A celebrated pair;
One is a fair mermaid,
The other is our Mayor.



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O is for B. Ohlson,
Who soaks us 35 bones,
For a chenuine imported "svell ting,"
And gives us megaphones.

P is Pauline Baldwin,
Our little Spanish teacher;
Although in class she's sometimes cross;
She is a pretty creature.

Q is for Queeners,
A most disgusting bunch,
But that they're better than the wolves,
We have a great big hunch.

R is for Ray Durney,
Our yell leader so small;
He always yells to "kill 'em,"
When someone's had a fall.

S is for Shy Seagrave;
Though he's an awful crab,
We have to hand it to him,
He has some line of gab.

T stands for Ad Toye,
Our sweet little suffragette;
And if she doesn't get yours,
She gets my goat, you bet!

U is for U rself,
And this U ought to know,
If U haven't paid ur student dues,
To heaven U won't go.

V is for M. Victoribus,
Our teacher who has went;
In other climes he spends his dimes;
We hope he pays his rent.

W is for Willis Minium,
And if you make him sore,
He's worse than KC103
With H2S04.

X stands for 'Xaminations,
That 'Xasperate the mind;
From them no one can get 'Xcused
'Xcept the greasy grind.

Y is for Ernest Younger,
Y, Oh, Y! Oh, Y!
Can't we ever make up verses
About a younger guy?

Z stands for Zits,
Something that has great fame;
If you don't know how to play it,
You'd better learn the game.

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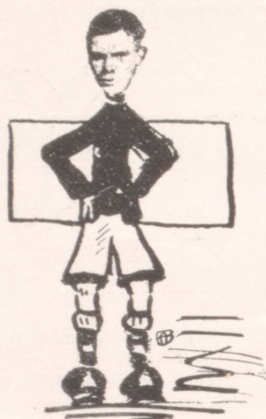
Results count. Among former students are the stenographer to Governor Johnson, and stenographers in the State Bank Commission, prominent Banks and large corporations in both San Francisco and Oakland. And tuition rates are as usual.



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-The Girls Hero-

Ruth Baehr—Why do you suppose they have all the telephone wires so high in the air?

Lemcke—Oh, that's so they can keep the conversation up, I suppose.

Barnes loves to spend an hour
With pretty lady friends;
But now the girls are turning sour,
For time is all he spends.

Charlotte C.—Why is Mr. Mundt so glum looking?

Mary D.—He and Miss Toye have just come out of the kodak room, where he has evidently developed a negative.

Krusi—I ran over another freshman this morning.

Etter—Phew, that's unlucky.

Krusi—Yes, rotten! Their darned feedin' bottles cut up the tires so.

If it be true that love is blind,
And lovers cannot see,
Then why the dickens don't some girl
Just fall in love with me?

Miss Berg—Now, freshmen, let us have "Little Drops of Water" again, and try to put more spirit into it this time.

The old gent—How did you dare, sir, to kiss my daughter last night on the dark piazza?

Young Gayboy-Gad—Now that I've seen her by daylight, I wonder myself.

B-goo—I carry my love for you to the verge of distraction.

D. Soule—Then drop it over.

Piker—D'you know, if I were ever to see a ghost, don't cheer know, I believe I should be a hopeless idiot for the rest of my life.

Alma R.—Did you ever see one?

"Seventy miles an hour?" yelled Krusi, "Are you game?"

"Yes, I'm full of grit," replied Helen Funke, as she swallowed another quart of dust.

When you are down in the mouth, think of Jonah. He came out all right.

Gay—Which is correct, "I'm a fool" or "I are a fool?"

Shy—"I am a fool."

Gay—I thought so.

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The editors will gladly answer any questions asked by our subscribers. All questions must be accompanied by a seven-cent stamp.

J-c-bs. We are of the opinion that forty dollars is too much for you to pay for a photograph of your face.

Br-zz-n-. We agree with your political ideas, and consider it most noble of you to have sacrificed yourself in the interests of your party.

R-th H-w-. You are certainly in a very difficult position and we should advise deep consideration in the matter, as your whole future happiness may depend on your choice. We agree with you that the dark person goes better with your hair and eyes, but the nobleness of character of the light fellow makes up for slight corpulence.

C-mn-gs. Yes. Ample time has passed to make it perfectly proper to announce your engagement.

Th-m-s. We do not usually advise amateurs to go on the professional stage, but in this case, we agree that your enormous success seems to warrant it.

--dr y Sp-nc-. From your description many little things seem to point to a deeper feeling. But good acting is often very deceiving.

Z. B-b-ns. This being a magazine of culture, we cannot mention the names of any pieces that would appeal to the student-body more than those which you suggest. If you send your name and address with a 3-cent stamp, we will be glad to mail you a list, however.

C. C-lv-r. Most of the toilet preparations you mention are good. We are not acquainted, however, with all on the long list which you send us.

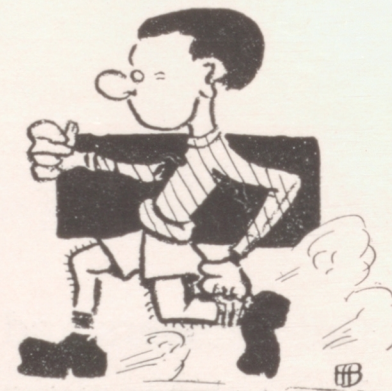
H-ns L-mck-. We recommend that you by no means stop your bright social career. You seem to make an exceptional hit with the fair sex.

L-rk-n. Yes; you should certainly always plan to get laid out in every game. It unquestionably produces a very pleasant thrill in the girls' section of the bleachers.

B-rn-s. Yes; you are entirely right in following the straight and narrow path. Never indulge in any luxuries at the expense of your class. Your reward may not seem evident at present, but you must think of the hereafter.

sh- Sm-th. The cause of total abstinence is unquestionably a noble one. We wish to compliment you and hope you may continue the good work. Even if the cause should fail, the part you have taken in it, and your desperate struggle, will long be remembered.

Y. Z. '19.



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133
GEARY
ST.

San Francisco

Hardin on his trip to Reno found that his berth was too short, so he put his feet out the window. Upon waking up next morning, he found two mail bags and a red lantern hanging on them.

Mastick (to saleslady)—I should like to see some pajamas that would fit me.

Saleslady (after looking at him for a moment)—So would I.

In Physics many L's equal to this, that, and the other thing covered the board. Mr. Minium, (with a sigh)—What L is this, anyhow? Say, this is a L of a mess we're in.

Miss Ford—Name the bones in your skull, Ruby.

Ruby S.—I have them all in my head, but I can't think of them at present.

Teacher—What is your father's occupation?

Freshman—I can't tell you.

Teacher—But you must.

Freshman—My father doesn't want me to tell.

Teacher—I insist on you telling me.

Freshman (tearfully)—He's the fat lady in the dime museum.

John Nicholson—Had he been a dog that should have howled thus, they would have hanged him. I had as leave hear the night raven.

Deacon Aiton—His cogitative faculties immersed in a cogit- undity of cogitations.

Miss Hewett (to her class)—Be sure to take a cake of soap on the honor society boat ride, because if the boat sinks then we can wash a-shore.

This is

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Teacher—Give the derivation of the word, restaurant.

Pupil—Er--er--Oh, yes. Res, Latin for thing; taurant, from taurus, a bull. Res-aurant, a bully thing.

Chorus—You bet!!!

Mr. Minium, (demonstrating static electricity)—When you shuffle along a little bit, (he goes through motions of ragging) you can easily shock people near you. Why you've all had experience in shocking people by shuffling (more ragging) along a little.

Gay—Here, referee, my men say they'll murder you after the game, if you declare us the losers.

Referee—Yes, and the other side said the same, it's pretty evident to me this game will be a draw.

Mr. Marshall (in commercial geography)—Clem Smith may tell us what a strait is.

Ishi—It's the thing you bet your last cent on.



NOTHING PERSONAL IS TO BE BROUGHT INTO THIS MEETING—

Wanted—Someone to keep Jake limping on the right foot.

Miss Hewett, (in physical geography)—What is the midnight sun?

Dot W. (promptly)—The moon.

H. Funke—That old man who lives across the street from us has locomotor- ataxia.

Romie W.—How many cylinders has it?

Bates—After all, fame is nothing but a bubble.

Mr. Marshall—Is that how you got yours, by blowing?

When you've got to bone for exes,
Though you're feeling good and punk,
But just the same you burn the juice
And memorize some junk;
And then they send your little card
With flunk, flunk, flunk!
That's High School, you bet!

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Mr. Minium (in physics)—Mr. Logan, what is a vacuum?
 Logan—I—I can't think just now—but I have it in my head.
 Ishi—Do you want to see something swell?

Higgins—Yes.

Ishi—Put a sponge in water.

A STATE OF MIND.

In the state of Mass.
 There lives a lass
 I love to go N. C.;
 No other Miss.
 Can e'er I Wis.,
 Be half so dear to Me.

R. I. is blue
 And her cheeks the hue
 Of shells where waters swash;
 On her pink-white phiz
 There Nev. Ariz.
 The least complexion Wash.

La. ! could I win
 The heart of Minn.,
 I'd ask for nothing more,
 But I only dream
 Upon the theme
 And Conn. it o'er and Ore.

Why is it, pray,
 I can't Ala.
 This love that makes me Ill.?
 N. Y., O., Wy.
 Kan. Nev. Ver. I
 Propose to her my will?

I shun the task
 'Twould be to ask
 This gentle maid to wed;
 And so, to press
 My suit, I guess
 Alaska Pa. instead.

Proceedings of the Royal Geog. Society.

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please come to
order?

Leslie Brown (on ex. paper)—The facts that should be here are peacefully reposing in my note book at home.

Would you consider a tramp a suitable candidate for a Rhoades' scholarship?

Miss Toye—Why, he yawned three times while I was talking to him.

Skipper—Perhaps he wasn't yawning, he may have been trying to say something.

It was a ten and fifteen-cent vaudeville ticket window. A country villager approached. "Ten or fifteen?" asked the ticket seller.

"Jist one," said the villager. "I hain't got the whole family along."

Mary Dunbar—Oh, what beautiful flowers! There's still a little dew on them.

Goldbaum (absent-mindedly)—I know, but I'll pay it to morrow.

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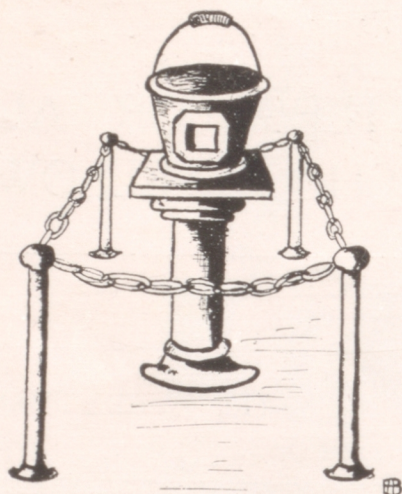
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Mr. Minium (in chemistry)—Mr. Durney, is borax very heavy?

Daffy—It must be, it takes twenty mules to haul one wagon.

Pa, what is an equinox?

Why it's--it's--Don't they teach you anything at school? I thought you studied mythology. An equinox, my son, is a fabled animal, half horse, half ox. Its name is derived from "equine," meaning horse, and "ox." Schools are different now from what they were when I was a boy.

The little girl from the city had been questioning the old farmer, touching many things about his place. "And now," she said in conclusion, "I'd like to ask you just one thing more."

"Fire away," said the farmer, good-naturedly.

"What I want to know," said the untiring little questioner, "is, when you have finished milking the cow, how do you turn it off?"

At Smith's, 1 a. m. Daffy, (struggling with two arms and a mouth)—Gee, what a tough steak.

Piker, (with visions of Chem. Lab.)—I guess it's ox(h)ide of iron.

Kind Lady—I'm going to introduce you to Mrs. Weeds, a fascinating widow of twenty.

Lob Baum.—Thanks, but I draw the line at being the twenty-first husband of any woman.

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Alameda



He failed in Latin, flunked in Chem.,
They heard him softly hiss,
“I’d like to find the man who said,
That ignorance is bliss.”

Ohlson, the clothier, followed a customer out to his buggy.
“Dot’s a pretty swell horse you’re driving,” he commented approvingly.

“Yes, he’s a good one.”

“How much would you sell him for?”

“Seventy-five dollars.”

“Mein Gott! is he silk lined?”

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Bee (after English)—Gee! I got zero today.
Dot—Well, that's nothing.

Teacher—Who organized the first geometry problem?

Pupil—Noah.

Teacher—How's that?

Pupil—Didn't he construct the ark B. C.?

Miss Garretson, our dearest friend,
Is always ready to defend,
But a "four" or a "five,"
Gracious sakes alive,
Her words on that point have no end.



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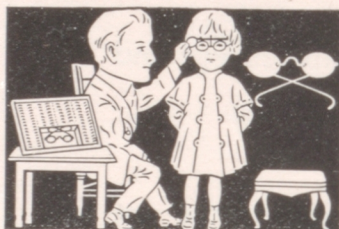
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Miss DuBois—Sam, if your mother had a dozen eggs and broke six, what would be left?

Sam Terry—The shells.

G. Bradford—I like to chew this gum it squashes so easy.

Judge—I'll give you your choice—ten days or twenty-five dollars.

Prisoner—If there is no objection, your Honor, I'll take twenty-five.

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Harry Adams—I think I deserve a higher mark in Spanish.
Miss Baldwin—You wish your mark increased? Certainly,
I will increase it one hundred percent. One hundred percent of
zero is zero.

Ila Smith—The Reno dance is going to be on the eve pre-
ceding the game.

Cocky Pearson—No, the game Eve.

A chink by the name of Ching Ling
Fell off a street car, bing! bing!

The conductor turned his head
To the passengers said:
“The car’s lost a washer—Ding! Ding!—Ex.

A miss is as good as a mile—but “Andy” should cut out the
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The Weather Thanksgiving.

"Roasting," cries the turkey.
"Chili," says the sauce.
"Mild," calls the cheese across.
"Clear," vows the jelly bright.
"Pouring," the coffee gurgles.

Son—Father, I've decided to become an artist. Have you any objections?

Father—No; provided you don't draw on me.—Ex.

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Sam—Why do you like to go to dances?
Sayre—Well, it's the only time I have the opportunity to put my arms around some girl.

A pretty girl in a hammock slung in an apple orchard awoke suddenly and frowned at the young man who stood before her.
“You stole a kiss while I was asleep,” she exclaimed.
“Well,” stammered the young man, “you were sleeping so soundly—yes, I admit I did take one little one.”
The girl smiled scornfully.
“One!” said she. “Hum, I counted seven before I woke up.”
—Ex.

The teacher was giving the juvenile class a lesson in punctuation.
“What is that?” she asked of a small pupil, pointing to a period.
“That,” answered the little one, “is the lid off an ‘I.’”—Ex.

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Riny—Do you serve shrimps here?
Waiter—Yes, sir; we serve everybody.

If Oakland is low in the number of football games won, is Alameda High.
Quick! Where is that water-boy?

Ming Bruzzzone—Say, why does the water run out of the estuary?
“Fat” Kiser—Gee, how can it when it’s tide?

“Auntie,” asked little Helen, “are you an Indian or did you marry one?”

“Gracious no, child, of course not!” said her aunt. “What made you ask such a question?”

“Well,” said the child, “I saw a lot of scalps on your dressing table.”

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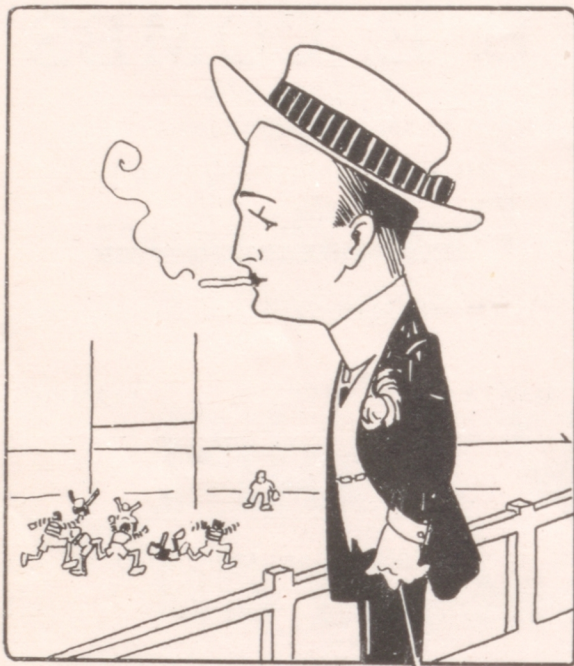
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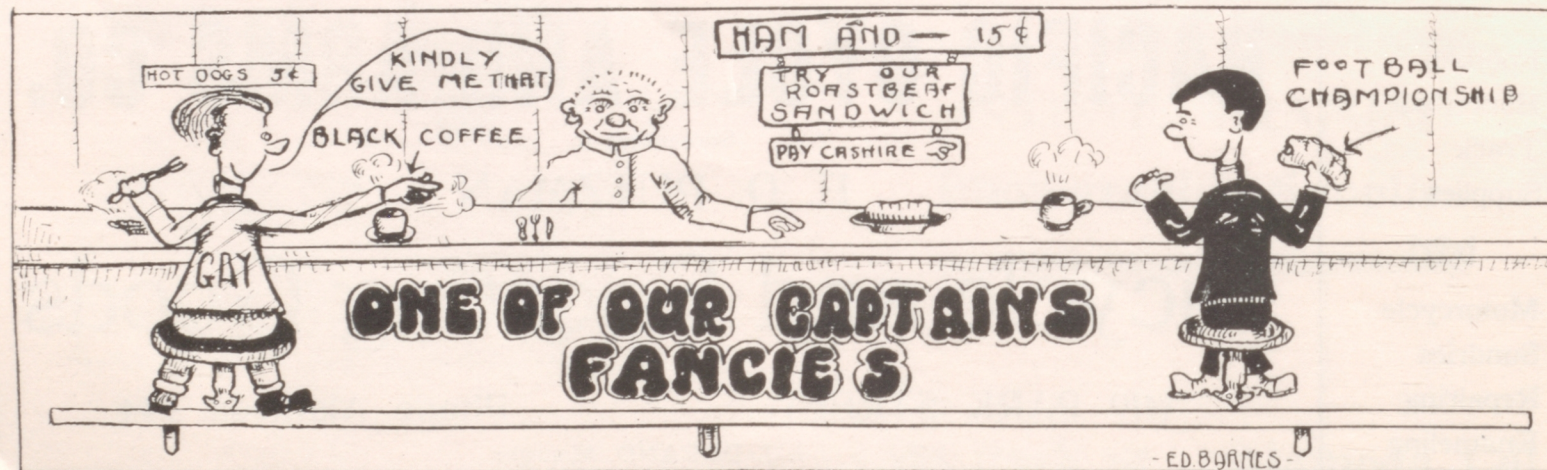
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Passenger—To see if this car is gaining on us.

Mr. Goodwin—Recite on the Crusaders, Miss D'Evelyn.

Miss D'E.—The crusades were undertaken by the French
nobles, and Robert of Normandy was one of the undertakers.

Shrimp James' Pa—Son, do you know that every time you
smoke a cigarette, you are putting another nail in your coffin?
when I kick in.

Shrimp—Yep, Pa, I know it, but I'll need a good strong box



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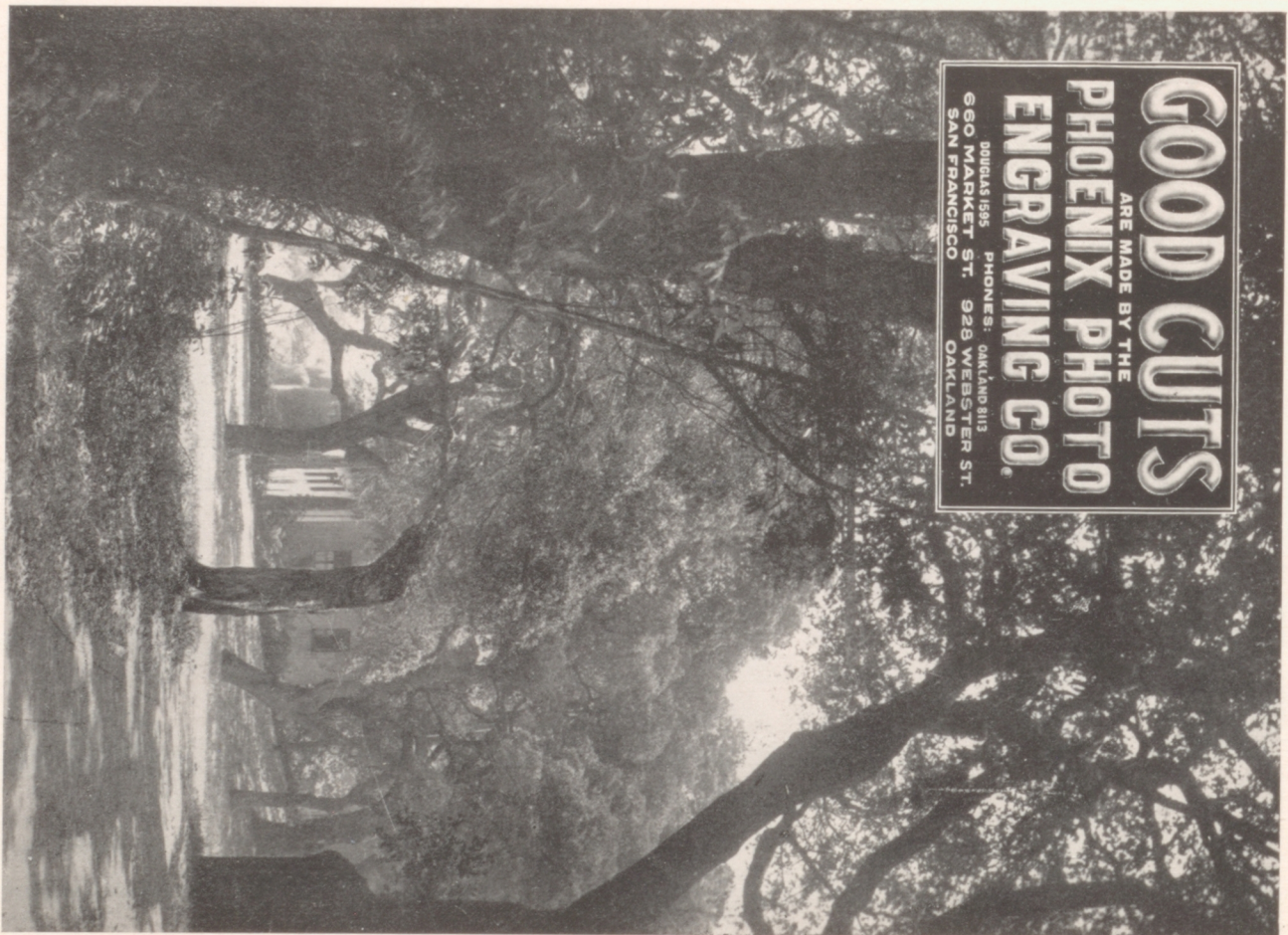
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Freshman—What has Baum got that bandage on his upper lip for?

Wise Guy—It's soaked with hair tonic. Baum is trying to grow a mustache.

Hauch—I think any woman is a fool to imitate a man.
Ruth Huff—So do I, if it is a good imitation.

Bradford—Well, Duke, how's the world treating you?
Joseph, (in a moment of abstraction)—Oh, about as often as I could expect it—Huh?

Mr. Marshall elucidates exes.—Clay had three compromises—you solved two O. K. In the third you stuck in the mud—a pardonable compromise of Clay.

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what
I
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Student's Prayer.

Now I lay me down to rest,
To study hard I've tried my best;
If I should die before I wake,
I'll have no blame exams to take.

Now I lay me down to sleep,
All rolled up in a little heap.
If I should die before I wake,
I hope the folks will lay me straght.

Little Gus—I am going to do my best to get ahead.

Miss Vollmar—Well, you will need one before you get
through.

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